Rev. 01/15/89 (Pink)
Rev. 02/16/89 (Blue)
Rev. 03/13/89 (Yellow)
Rev. 03/15/89 (Green)
Rev. 03/23/89 (Goldenrod)
Rev. 04/14/89 (Buff)

JOE VERSUS THE VOLCANO

Written by

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FIRST DRAFT

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Rev. 1/15/89

JOE VERSUS THE VOLCANO

GREY SCREEN

The TITLE appears in white letters --

JOE VERSUS THE VOLCANO

MUSIC. Borodin's "Polovtsian Dances," Chicago Symphony Orchestra, begins to play. The stormy part.

The CREDITS ROLL.

The credits have that depressing, shitty, this is going to be one of those lousy black and white movies from the 1950s look. This is going to be one of those cheap teen sci-fi movies about a creature.

MUSIC. When the female star's name appears, Borodin's theme, which will later become adapted into "Strangers In Paradise," plays. Then we return to the stormy part, which subsides as:

The CREDITS END.

The following LEGEND appears on the field of grey:

"You only live twice.
Once when you're born,
Once when you look death in the face."

-- James Bond

The LEGEND remains, but the field of grey turns to a rich texture of solid gold.

MUSIC. "The Girl From Ipanema," sung by the likes of Tom Waits, sung like it was the downest blues song anybody ever croaked out just before the final curtain. The MUSIC starts as the field turns from grey to gold. The MUSIC PLAYS ON.

1 EXT. AMERICAN PANASCOPE CORPORATION - DAY 1

We're in color now, but it's a grey world. It's an ugly building about the size of a city block and a couple of stories high. It's surrounded by hurricane fence topped with barbed wire. Outside the fence is a muddy parking lot. On the fence is a sign that reads:

AMERICAN PANASCOPE CORP.

a subsidiary of

ACHI

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

The sign also has an abstract logo; a sort've German Expressionist's version of a lightning bolt.

It's a grey winter's morning. It's raining or snowing or it just has or it's about to. There's a guard at a gate nodding workers inside the fence. They trail listlessly past him and continue on their way to the building's entrance. Most of them carry or are using grey or black umbrellas. Since they are coming from the parking lot, and since the entrance to the building is still almost a city block away once inside the fence, this straggling line of workers stretches hundreds of yards.

We see the line of workers FROM HIGH OVERHEAD.

The line is in the same shape as the lightning bolt logo.

One of these workers is JOE BANKS. Joe is in his early thirties. He's wearing a beat-up black trench coat; under the trench coat he's got on a cheap and square jacket and tie. This is a depressed man. You can see where he could be cool, where he could have something on the ball. But he's way too beaten down and depressed to be cool. Joe steps in a puddle. He pulls his shoe out of the water. He notices the sole is coming loose from the shoe. This depresses him further. He walks on. The sound of the WATER SQUISHING in his shoe can be heard.

2 INT. PANASCOPE BUILDING - DAY 2

Joe is shuffling down the main walk in the building. On his left are doors leading to offices. On his right is the factory, which has the feel of an airplane hangar. The factory is separated from the walk on which Joe progresses by a heavy wire fence twelve feet high. Joe passes by a sign on this fence that says "Shipping." This area is filled with thousands of brown cardboard boxes; a shipping clerk among these boxes pulls a lever on a device; the device spews out several feet of wet brown tape. Joe continues on. He passes a sign on the fence that says "Canteen." This area contains a row of vending machines and two long tables; a guy who looks like he's going to die is sitting at one of the tables eating pink Hostess snowballs; he eats them in a slow, dismal way, as if they were giant sleeping pills. Joe continues on. He passes a sign on the fence that says "Quality Control." This is the biggest area; it's filled with workers in shower caps and worn white jackets; they work a distance apart from each other, at long tables; they are inspecting terrifying medical instruments. One of these workers, a middle-aged woman named Sally, attaches a catheter to an air pump. The catheter inflates and finally explodes. Sally seems satisfied. Joe continues on, his shoe distantly SQUISH-ING. He stops at one of the office doors on his left. The lettering on the door reads:

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

Joe opens the door and goes in. The SONG ENDS.

3 INT. ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT - DAY 3

The place is lit with those totally draining, deadening fluorescent lights. DEDE, a secretary in her late twenties, is sitting at her desk, typing. She's pretty, maybe a little hard.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

She types like an automatic weapon. Her makeup doesn't really work under these lights. She nods briefly to Joe, and goes on with her typing. Behind her, at a bigger desk, is MR. WATURI. He's leaning back in an executive chair, talking on the phone. He's middle-aged, olive-skinned, in a dark suit that shows up his significant dandruff. His teeth are yellow as rancid butter. And there's enough grease shining on his forehead to coat a skillet. He's talking into the phone.

WATURI
Yeah, Harry, but can he do the job? I know he can get the job, but can he do the job? I'm not arguing that with you. I'm not arguing that with you. I'm not arguing that with you...

Mr. Waturi waves absently at Joe and goes on talking into the phone.

WATURI
Who told you that? No. I told you that. Me. What? Maybe. Maybe. Maybe.

Joe hangs up his coat on the coat rack and goes to the coffee set-up at the rear of the office. He snaps a disposable plastic coffee cup into a permanent plastic holder. He puts a spoonful of instant coffee in the cup. Then a spoonful of powdered creamer. Then two spoonfuls of sugar. He takes a plastic stirrer and stirs the powders. He pours in the hot water and stirs. Little clumps of undissolved stuff rise to the top. Joe tries to break them up with the stirrer and partially succeeds. He feels the glands in his throat. Maybe they're a little swollen. He rubs his eyes. They're burning a little. He takes his coffee and walks past Mr. Waturi and into his own office.

4 INT. ADVERTISING LIBRARY - JOE'S OFFICE - DAY 4

The same fluorescent lighting. There's a small wooden desk which has on it an old electric typewriter and an out-of-place lamp; it's a lamp Joe brought from home. The rest of the office is almost entirely taken up with grey industrial shelving. On these shelves are brochures depicting various medical instruments. Samples of each brochure are taped to the appropriate shelf. Behind Joe's desk is a pipe that runs floor-to-ceiling and is painted fire-engine red. In the center of this pipe is a big wheel valve. Hanging from this valve is a printed metal sign.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

The sign reads: THE MAIN DRAIN. Joe turns on the lamp, which casts a small ring of golden light, and sits down with his coffee. He takes off his shoe and examines it. He tries to huddle close to the lamp, like a cold creature trying to get warm. Dede comes in.

JOE
Good morning, Dede.

DEDE
Hi, Joe. What's with the shoe?

JOE
I'm losing my sole.

DEDE
Yeah. How you doin'?

JOE
I'm a little tired.

DEDE
Yeah.
(she hands him some labels)
Here. Each one gets sent five catalogs.

JOE
Can't do it.

DEDE
Why not?

JOE
I only got twelve catalogs left altogether.

DEDE
Okay.

She leaves. Joe puts his shoe back on. Mr. Waturi comes in. Joe cowers. He's threatened by Mr. Waturi.

WATURI
How you doin', Joe?

JOE
Well. I'm not feeling very good, Mr. Waturi.

Mr. Waturi chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (1A) 4

WATURI
So what else is new? You never feel good.

JOE
Yeah. Well. That's the problem. Anyway, I got the doctor's appointment today.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2) 4

WATURI
Another doctor's appointment?

JOE
Yeah.

WATURI
Listen, Joe. What's this Dede tells me about the catalogs?

JOE
I've only got twelve.

WATURI
How'd you let us get down to twelve?

JOE
I told you.

WATURI
When?

JOE
Three weeks ago. Then two weeks ago.

WATURI
Did you tell me last week?

JOE
No.

WATURI
Why not?

JOE
I don't know. I thought you knew.

WATURI
Not good enough, Joe! Not nearly good enough! I put you in charge of the entire advertising library...

JOE
You mean, this room...

WATURI
I gave you carte blanche how to deal with the materials in here...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3) 4

JOE
You put the orders into the printer, Mr. Waturi, not me. That's how you wanted it.

WATURI
You're not competent to put the orders into the printer! That's a very technical...

JOE
I thought you were going to explain it to me.

WATURI
I was going to do better than that. I was going to make you assistant manager. I want to make you assistant manager. But you, you're not flexible! You're inflexible.

JOE
I don't feel inflexible.

WATURI
You're inflexible. Totally. And this doctor appointment! You're always going to the doctor!

JOE
I don't feel good.

WATURI
So what! Do you think I feel good? Nobody feels good. After childhood, it's a fact of life. I feel rotten. So what? I don't let it bother me. I don't let it interfere with my job.

JOE
What do you want from me, Mr. Waturi?

WATURI
You're like a child. What's this lamp for? Isn't there enough light in here?

JOE
These fluorescent lights affect me. They make me feel blotchy, puffy. I thought this light would...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4) 4

WATURI
Get rid of the light. This isn't your bedroom, this is an office. Maybe if you start treating this like a job instead of some kind of welfare hospital, you'll shape up. And I want those catalogs.

JOE
Then please order them.

WATURI
Watch yourself, Joe. Think about what I've said. You've gotta get yourself into a flexible frame or you're no place.

He starts to leave, but stops and looks back.

WATURI
Take that light off your desk.

JOE
I will.

WATURI
Take it off now.

Joe unplugs the light and takes it off his desk.

WATURI
Good.

Waturi leaves. Joe sits at his desk, shrinking in the fluorescent light. He sips his coffee. The PHONE RINGS and he answers.

JOE
Advertising library. Fifty? I'm sorry, we don't have that many in stock. I don't know why. The catalog is a thing... I don't know. It's here and it's gone. I can't explain. It's a mystery.

He hangs up the phone. Dede has quietly come in. She's looking at Joe. She speaks to him in a low voice.

DEDE
Why do you let Waturi talk to you like that?

JOE
Like what?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (5) 4

DEDE
What's wrong with you?

JOE
I don't... feel very good.

She looks at him. She's frustrated with this guy. This is somebody who she could go for, but he's just lying there like a dog waiting to be kicked. He looks at her. If he had the strength, if he were feeling a little better, he'd make a play for this woman. But he's helpless. He just doesn't feel very good. Absently, he feels the glands in his throat.

DEDE
What's the matter with you?

JOE
I don't know.

She stares at him. She's angry, frustrated. She turns and walks out. Joe's eyes are shining with tears that will not fall. He is powerless to help himself. He mutters to himself, fierce and impotent.

JOE
I don't know.

He presses the heels of his hands into his eyes.

5 INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY 5

We discover Joe with the heels of his hands pressed into his eyes. This room is fluorescently lit, too, and perhaps at first we don't realize we have gone somewhere else. A nurse's voice is heard.

NURSE (O.S.)
Mr. Banks? Mr. Banks?

Joe, startled, takes his hands from his eyes. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see we're in a doctor's waiting room. And now we see the NURSE. She is a very conservative, W.A.S.P. Nurse.

JOE
Yeah?

NURSE
Doctor Ellison will see you now.

6 INT. DR. ELLISON'S OFFICE - DAY 6

The lighting in the doctor's office is the first warm, relaxing light we've seen. It comes from lamps and a little frosted window. The office itself is full of old wood and books. DR. ELLISON sits in a comfortable chair, at an old desk. He is the last word in doctors. He's a large, respectable, distinguished, greyed-haired M.D. He's a specialist. You get the feeling he may be a genius.

ELLISON
How are you feeling, Mr. Banks?

JOE
Pretty much the same. I feel puffy, blotchy. I never seem to have very much energy. I get these little sore throats, my glands get a little swollen. I just don't feel good.

ELLISON
And how long have you felt this way?

JOE
Well. Pretty much since I left the Fire Department. On and off. But since then. 'Bout eight years.

ELLISON
What did you do in the Fire Department?

JOE
Well, ah, you know, I put out fires.

ELLISON
Was it dangerous?

JOE
Yeah. Ahm, pretty rough stuff. But I came out of it okay. The hard part was not feeling good all the time. I started not feeling good all the time. So I hadda quit.

Ellison nods.

ELLISON
Yes. I've gotten the results of your tests.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

JOE
I've got cancer.

ELLISON
No.

JOE
This new venereal...

ELLISON
No.

JOE
Is there something wrong with my blood or urine or...?

ELLISON
No, they're fine. But there is something.

JOE
Tell me.

ELLISON
You have a brain cloud.

JOE
A brain cloud.

ELLISON
There's a black fog of tissue running through your brain. It's very rare. It will spread at a regular rate. It's very destructive.

JOE
And it's incurable.

ELLISON
Yes.

JOE
How long?

ELLISON
Six months. You can pretty much count on it being about that. It's not painful. Your brain will simply fail. Followed abruptly by your body. You can depend on at least four and half or five months of perfect health.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2) 6

JOE
But what are you talking about, Doctor? I don't feel good right now.

ELLISON
That's the ironic part, really. Mr. Banks, you're a hypochondriac. There's nothing wrong with you that has anything to do with the symptoms you've been experiencing. My guess is your experience in the Vietnam War was extremely traumatic. You experienced the imminent possibility of death. Several times?
(as Joe nods numbly)
But you returned home unscathed. The cumulative anxiety of those brushes with death left you habitually fearful. About your physical person.

JOE
I'm not sick? Except for this terminal disease?

ELLISON
Which has no symptoms. That's right. It was only because of your insistence on having so many tests that we happened to discover the problem.

Joe laughs, a little maniacally, then stops abruptly.

JOE
What am I going to do?

ELLISON
Well, if you have any savings you might think about taking a trip, a vacation?

JOE
I don't have any savings. A few hundred bucks. I've spent everything on doctors.

ELLISON
Yes. Perhaps you'll want a second opinion?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3) 6

JOE
A brain cloud.

ELLISON
Yes.

JOE
What am I going to do?

ELLISON
You have some time left, Mr. Banks. You have some life left. My advice to you is: Live it well.

JOE
I've got to go. I'm on my lunch hour which is over.

Joe gets up and Ellison follows suit, putting out his hand.

ELLISON
I'm sorry for what I had to tell you. I wish the news had been better.

Joe doesn't take his hand.

JOE
Yeah.

Joe leaves. Ellison starts to sit down. Joe comes back in.

JOE
I'm sorry I didn't shake your hand.

Joe takes the doctor's hand and shakes it. Then he drops it and exits abruptly. Ellison sits there a moment, not moving. Then he opens a drawer in his desk and takes out a flask. He pours himself a drink and begins to drink it.

7 EXT. MEDICAL LEAGUE BUILDING - DAY 7

This is the building Ellison's office is in. Joe comes slowly out. It's still overcast, but lighter and dryer than it was earlier. As Joe walks down the steps, an elderly woman approaches with her dog, Molly, a mutt. Joe sees the dog and stops, fixed on it. He pats the dog on the head. The elderly woman thinks this is nice.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

Then Joe embraces the dog, and kneeling down, hugs it intensely. The elderly woman is alarmed and pulls the dog away. Joe looks after them. Then he turns and walks to the little parking lot next to the building. He gets in his car, which is beat-up and beige. He drives off.

8 EXT. AMERICAN PANASCOPE CORPORATION PARKING LOT - DAY 8 *

Joe drives INTO FRAME. He gets out and we FOLLOW him as * he approaches the GUARD at the gate. The Guard nods him * in. He starts to walk past. Then he goes back to the Guard.

JOE
What's your name?

GUARD
Fred.

JOE
Fred.

He thinks that over and then goes on his way.

9 INT. PANASCOPE BUILDING - DAY 9

Joe standing outside the door marked Advertising Dept. He is thoughtful. He goes in.

10 INT. ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT - DAY 10

Joe comes in. Dede is typing away. Mr. Waturi is on the phone. Joe hangs up his coat.

WATURI
(on phone)
No. No. You were wrong. He was wrong. Who said that? I didn't say that. If I had said that, I would've been wrong. I would've been wrong, Harry, isn't that right?

Mr. Waturi's attention is split between his call and Joe, who is walking around the office like a tourist.

WATURI
Listen, let me call you back, I've got something here, okay? And don't tell him anything till we finish our conversation, okay?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

Mr. Waturi hangs up the phone. Joe is looking at the coffee set-up.

WATURI
Joe?

JOE
Yeah?

WATURI
You were at lunch three hours.

JOE
About that.

Joe wonders away, into his office. Waturi looks after.

11 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY 11

Joe is staring at the big wheel valve sporting the sign that says Main Drain. Mr. Waturi comes in as Joe moves forward and, with great effort, rotates the wheel to its opposite extreme. This scares Waturi.

WATURI
Joe, what are you doing?

JOE
I'm opening, or closing, the main drain.

Nothing happens.

WATURI
You shouldn't be touching that.

JOE
Nothing happened. Do you know how long I've been wondering what would happen if I did that?

WATURI
What's the matter with you?

JOE
Brain cloud.

WATURI
What?

JOE
Never mind. Listen, Mr. Waturi. Frank. I quit.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

Joe starts to take some stuff out of his desk. He looks at his lamp, gets the cord, plugs it in, and turns it on.

WATURI
You mean, today?

JOE
That's right.

WATURI
That's great. Well, don't come looking for a reference.

JOE
Okay, I won't.

WATURI
You blew this job.

Joe takes in the little room.

JOE
I've been here for four and a half years. The work I did I probably could've done in five, six months. That leaves four years leftover.

He's been filling up a shopping bag with stuff from his desk: paperbacks, a stuffed animal, cassette tapes. Now he's finished. He walks out of the room without even looking at Waturi. Waturi goes after him as he exits.

12 INT. ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT - DAY 12

Joe is walking towards the front door. Waturi follows him in. Joe stops at Dede's desk. She's typing. He looks at her. She stops typing.

JOE
Four years. If I had them now. Like gold in my hand. 'Bye-bye, Dede.

DEDE
You're going?

Joe nods.

WATURI
Well, if you're leaving, leave.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

WATURI (CONT'D)
You'll get your check. And, I promise you, you'll be easy to replace.

JOE
I should say something.

WATURI
What are you talking about?

JOE
This life. Life? What a joke. This situation. This room.

WATURI
Joe, maybe you should just...

JOE
You look terrible, Mr. Waturi. You look like a bag of shit stuffed inna cheap suit. Not that anyone would look good under these zombie lights. I can feel them sucking the jucie outta my eyeballs. Suck suck suck. Three hundred bucks a week, that's the news. For three hundred bucks a week I've lived in this sink. This used rubber...

WATURI
Watch it, mister! There's a woman here!

JOE
Don't you think I know that, Frank? Don't you think I'm aware there's a woman here? I can taste her on my tongue. I can smell her. When I'm twenty feet away, I can hear the fabric of her dress when she moves in her chair. Not that I've done anything about it. I've gone all day, every day, not doing, not saying, not taking the chance for three hundred bucks a week, and Frank the coffee stinks it's like arsenic, the lights give me a headache if the lights don't give you a headache you must be dead, let's arrange the funeral.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

WATURI
You better get outta here right now! I'm telling you!

JOE
You're telling me nothing.

WATURI
I'm telling you!

JOE
And why, I ask myself, why have I put up with you? I can't imagine but I know. Fear. Yellow freakin' fear. I've been too chickenshit afraid to live my life so I sold it to you for three hundred freakin' dollars a week! You're lucky I don't kill you! You're lucky I don't rip your freakin' throat out! But I'm not going to and maybe you're not so lucky at that. 'Cause I'm gonna leave you here, Mister Wa-a-Waturi, and what could be worse than that?

Joe opens the door and leaves. Mr. Waturi and Dede are frozen. The door reopens and Joe comes halfway back in.

JOE
Dede?

DEDE
Yeah?

JOE
How 'bout dinner tonight?

DEDE
Yeah, uh, okay.

Joe smiles for the first time since we've met him, and closes the door again.

DEDE
Wow. What a change.

WATURI
Who does he think he is?

13 INT. "THE SPANISH ROSE" RESTAURANT - NIGHT 13

Joe and Dede are sitting at a table, steaming plates of seafood paella before them.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

They are drinking red wine. Joe is caught up in a big idea. Dede is mesmerized.

JOE
I mean, who am I? That's the real question, isn't it? Who am I? Who are you? What other questions are there? What other questions are there, really? If you want to understand the universe, embrace the universe, the door to the universe is you!

DEDE
Me?

JOE
You. Me.

DEDE
You are really intense.

JOE
Am I? I guess I am. I was.

DEDE
What do you mean?

JOE
I mean, a long time ago. In the beginning. I was, you know, full of piss and vinegar. Nothing got me down. I wanted to know!

DEDE
You wanted to know what?

JOE
Everything! But then, I had some experiences... I was talking to this guy today, he says I got scared.

DEDE
Scared of what?

JOE
Have you ever been scared?

DEDE
I guess so. Sure.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

JOE
What scared you?

DEDE
A lot of things. At the moment, you scare me a little bit.

JOE
Me?

DEDE
Yeah.

Across the room, at another table, three guys with guitars, in traditional Spanish costumes, sing a happy Castilian song. Dede and Joe turn and take in the singers.

JOE
Why would I scare you?

DEDE
I don't know. There's something going on with you. This morning you were like a lump and now you're... How you feel?

JOE
I feel great.

DEDE
See? You never feel great.

JOE
No, I never do.

He laughs.

DEDE
What's funny?

JOE
I do feel great. And that is very funny!

DEDE
Where are you?

JOE
I'm right here.

DEDE
I wish I was where you are, Joe.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3) 13

JOE
No, you don't. Did I ever tell you that the first time I saw you, I felt like I'd seen you before?

She shakes her head.

JOE
Wait a minute.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4) 13

Joe gets up, goes over to the three guys with guitars, slips them a fin, confers briefly, and returns to the table.

DEDE
What'd you do?

JOE
I bribed them to sing a song that would drive us insane and make our hearts swell and burst.

Whereupon the three guys with guitars arrive at the table and launch into an extremely passionate Castilian love song. The song makes conversation impossible. Joe pours Dede some more red wine. They toast, looking into each other's eyes. The scene ends, but the SONG CONTINUES through the following.

14 EXT. SPANISH ROSE - NIGHT 14

Against a slightly tilting lamp post leans a sailor in uniform. Joe and Dede emerge from the restaurant and get in his beat-up car. The car pulls away. The SONG CONTINUES through the following. * *

15 EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - JOE'S CAR 15

The ferry pulls away from the shore. Joe and Dede go to the railing and look back at Manhattan, all lit up, receding. They kiss and look again. The song continues through next.

16 EXT. STATEN ISLAND - THREE FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT 16

Joe's car pulls to a stop in front of it, and he and Dede get out. There are some steps. He kisses her and carries her up the steps. Then he puts her down to open the door. The SONG ENDS.

17 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT 17

Joe throws open the door with one hand. He's got Dede on his arm. They kiss passionately. Joe reluctantly ends the kiss.

JOE
Listen.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

DEDE
What happened to you?

JOE
Huh?

DEDE
What happened to you that you're ... so alive? I can see it.

JOE
The doctor told me I've got this thing wrong with my brain. It's not catching. But I've just got five or six months to live.

DEDE
What?

JOE
I'm gonna die. And it's made me... very appreciative of my life.

Dede shrinks from him, clutching her coat, suddenly cold.

DEDE
I've gotta go.

JOE
Please don't.

He reaches for her. She steps back.

DEDE
I've gotta go home. You may've quit, but I got the job in the morning.

JOE
Dede, I really want you to stay.

DEDE
You're gonna die?

JOE
Yeah, but so what? Stay! Just tonight. Tomorrow'll take care of itself.

She hesitates on the brink of staying, lifts her hands to say yes, but her courage fails her.

DEDE
I can't handle it, Joe.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2) 17

She drops her hands, grabs the doorknob, and opens the door.

DEDE
Sorry.

She quickly goes, slamming the door after her. Joe looks after her blankly. Then he takes off his coat, tie and jacket, and throws them on the floor. He exits into the kitchen.

18 INT. JOE'S KITCHEN - PREDAWN 18

Joe is making some real coffee. He's got a little lamp on, not the overhead light. He opens the refrigerator and takes out a loaf of white bread. He puts a couple of slices in the toaster. Then he looks at his little tin dining table and at the window. The window is so dirty it's opaque. You'd have to open it to see out. He pulls the table over to the window. Then he pulls a chair over to face the window. The window looks out on a long little street. At the end of the street is a brightness, where the sun will be. He brings his coffee to the table, and a napkin, and a spoon. He hears the TOAST POP. He gets it, puts it on a plate, butters it, and brings it to the table. He sits down. He takes a sip of coffee and a bite of toast. He looks out the window. The sun is just starting to come up. He looks at the coffee, at the little whiff of steam rising from the cracked cup. He looks at the toast with one bite missing and the butter melting into the golden bread. He looks at the sun's splendid red rim. These things are so beautiful. His eyes well up. He takes another bite of the toast and another sip of the coffee and looks at the rising sun. It is a fake sun. It's so great that he's here to experience these things, and so sad that he's leaving. He goes back to the refrigerator and takes out the loaf of bread. He puts a couple of more slices in the toaster and leaves the almost full loaf of bread next to the almost full pot of coffee.

19 INT. JOE'S KITCHEN - MORNING (COUPLE OF HOURS LATER) 19

The loaf of bread is almost gone and the pot of coffee is empty. Now we PULL BACK and see Joe sitting by the window with his feet up, some crusts of toast lying on the plate next to him. The sun has risen a goodly bit, and can no longer be seen by us. But Joe is dappled with sunlight. He is no longer in the thrall of a big emotion, but he is extremely deep in the thought. The DOORBELL RINGS. Joe doesn't move. It RINGS AGAIN. Did he hear the doorbell? It RINGS AGAIN. He is now satisfied the doorbell is ringing. He gets up and out into the foyer.

20 INT. JOE'S FOYER - DAY 20

The DOORBELL starts to RING AGAIN as Joe opens the door. In the hallway is a powerful, glittering-eyed old man of seventy, MR. GRAYNAMORE. He's wearing a long, black cashmere overcoat, a dramatic but not silly black fedora, and cowboy boots. He carries a vacuum-sealed can of Planter's Peanuts in his pocket. He's got a cane with a duck's head.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

GRAYNAMORE
Joe Banks? Mr. Joe Banks?

JOE
Yeah?

GRAYNAMORE
Have I come at a bad time?

JOE
Yeah. No. I don't know how to answer that question.

GRAYNAMORE
Can I come in? Can we talk?

Joe throwing the door open. He's in his bathrobe.

GRAYNAMORE
You're not dressed?

JOE
No.

GRAYNAMORE
Doesn't bother me if it doesn't bother you.

Graynamore strides past Joe into Joe's living room. Joe looks after, in a bit of a daze. Then he follows.

21 INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 21

It's modest, to say the least. It's messy and cheaply furnished. An enormous crack runs up the wall and across * the ceiling. Graynamore takes the room in, picking up * and brandishing a table lamp for the purpose. *

GRAYNAMORE
Not a nice place you have here, Joe. Mind if I call you Joe?

JOE
No.

Graynamore smacks a hole in the wall with his cane. *

GRAYNAMORE
Dingy, shabby, dinky, not much.

He rips off his coat with gusto and tosses it away.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

He's a rich man, from out West, and that's what his clothes look like. He seems to be enjoying himself very much. He sticks out his hand to Joe.

GRAYNAMORE
I see it as a sign of tremendous sophistication that you haven't demanded my name or asked me what I'm doing here. My name is Samuel Harvey Graynamore.

They shake hands.

JOE
Joe Banks.

GRAYNAMORE
I know.
(stares into Joe's face)
I'm trying to see the hero in there.

JOE
What do you mean?

GRAYNAMORE
You dragged two kids down a six-story burning staircase. That was brave. But then you went back up for the third. That was heroic. Com'on, you're a hero.

JOE
That was a long time ago.

GRAYNAMORE
Yes, it was.

Graynamore opens the nuts and dumps them on the table.

JOE
How do you know my name?

GRAYNAMORE
I know all about you. As much as I could learn in twenty-four hours, anyway. Peanuts? *

JOE
No. *

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (1A) 21

GRAYNAMORE
Quit your job, huh?

JOE
Yeah.

GRAYNAMORE
Well, sounded like a dumb job. No family?

JOE
No.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

GRAYNAMORE
Good for you. Families are a pain in the neck. What do you know about superconductors?

JOE
Nothing.

GRAYNAMORE
Me neither. But I own a huge company that dominates the world market for superconductors.

JOE
Really.

GRAYNAMORE
Yes.

Graynamore sits down, suddenly grounded and serious.

GRAYNAMORE
I got a call from Dr. Ellison. You were at his office yesterday?

Joe nods.

GRAYNAMORE
He told me your news. I hope you won't be angry with him. He thought you and I might be able to help each other. Got any whiskey? *

Joe shakes his head. Graynamore produces a long cigar, strikes an enormous match and lights up. * *

GRAYNAMORE
I want to hire you, Joe Banks. I want to hire you to jump into a volcano.

JOE
I do have some whiskey.

Joe pulls a bottle of cheap scotch out of a cabinet, along with two glasses. He pours them both a drink and sits down. Graynamore downs his whiskey which makes his eyes glitter all the more. He leans forward and speaks with great intensity.

GRAYNAMORE
There's an island in the South Pacific called Waponi Woo.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3) 21

GRAYNAMORE (CONT'D)
The name means 'The Little Island With the Big Volcano.' The Waponis are a cheerful people who live a simple existence fishing in the lagoon and picking fruit. They have one fear. That's a big volcano, they call it The Big Woo. They believe an angry fire god in the volcano will sink the island unless, once every hundred years, he is appeased. It's been ninety-nine years, eleven months, and eleven days since the fire god got his propers and the Waponis are scared.

JOE
How's the god appeased?

GRAYNAMORE
Of his own free will, a man's got to jump into the volcano. Now as you might imagine, none of the Waponis are anxious to volunteer for the honor of jumping into the Big Woo. And the problem is that whoever does it gotta do it of his own free will so what do you do?

JOE
What do you do?

GRAYNAMORE
You do some tradin'. There's a mineral on that island, Mr. Banks. It's called bubureau. I don't know anywhere else on the planet where you can find more than a gram of this stuff, and believe me I've looked. I've tried to get the mineral rights from the Waponis, but I don't seem to have anything they want. But they do want a hero, Mr. Banks. And they'll give me the mineral rights if I find them one.

JOE
Why would I jump into a volcano?

GRAYNAMORE
From your exploits in the Fire Department, I think you've got the courage.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4) 21

GRAYNAMORE (CONT'D)
Does it take more guts to twice traverse a staircase in flames, or to make a onetime leap into the mouth of a smoking volcano? Damned if I know, kimosabe. All I know is when you're making those kind of calls, you up in the high country.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4A) 21

GRAYNAMORE (CONT'D)
From your doctor, you know you're on your way out anyway. You haven't got any money. I checked. Do you want to wait it out here, in this apartment? That sounds kinda grim to me. It's not how I'd wanna go, I'll tell you that.

Graynamore takes out his wallet and lays out four credit cards on the coffee table: Diner's Club, Gold Visa, Gold Master, and Gold American Express. The cards have Joseph Banks printed on them. Joe looks at the cards. We hear Graynamore's voice as we look at the cards.

GRAYNAMORE (O.S.)
These are yours if you take the job. It'd be twenty days from today before you'd have to actually jump in the Big Woo. You could shop today, get yourself some clothes, you know, for an adventure. Then tomorrow a plane to L.A. first class, naturally. You'll be met. Stay in the best hotel. Then the next day, you board a yacht. My competitors sometimes watch the airports. The yacht's a real beauty. It belongs to me. Gourmet chef. You sail to the South Pacific. Ten, fifteen days. The Waponis come out to meet you, a total red carpet situation, you're a national hero. You're Charles Lindbergh. It's wine, women and song in the sweetest little paradise you ever saw. Then you jump in the volcano. Live like a king, die like a man, that's what I say. What do you say?

Joe slowly picks up the credit cards and looks at them. Then he looks at Graynamore.

JOE
Alright. I'll do it.

GRAYNAMORE
Here's my card and your plane ticket. American, noon out of Kennedy tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (5) 21

Graynamore picks up his coat and hat and heads for the door.

JOE
Mr. Graynamore?

GRAYNAMORE
Yes?

JOE
What if I use the cards and take the plane and go on the yacht and party on the island and then I change my mind and I don't jump in the volcano?

GRAYNAMORE
Why then I'd kill you in a very slow and painful way. But you'll jump.

Graynamore laughs in a warm and wonderful way, goes to the front door, opens it, and leaves. Joe stands there, looking after him for a moment, and then pulls out the Yellow Pages. He flips through, finds what he wants, and dials the number.

JOE
Hi, I'd like to rent a limousine and driver for the day, please? Thank you? Yes, I do. American Express. The Gold Card. Can I have a white limousine?

Joe smiles, looking at the card in his hand.

22 EXT. WHITE LIMOUSINE IN LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY 22

The car has just emerged from Staten Island Ferry traffic. We see the friendly face on the front grill of the limousine. It is a slightly overcast day. *

23 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY 23

Joe is sitting in the back, looking out the windows, stretching his legs. The driver is a middle-aged black man; his name is MARSHALL. He's wearing a jacket and tie and sunglasses. He seems reserved and efficient.

MARSHALL
So where would you like to go?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (A1) 23

JOE
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

MARSHALL
Where would you like to go, sir?

Joe thinks for a moment.

JOE
I thought I might like to do some shopping.

MARSHALL
Okay. Where would you like to go shopping?

JOE
I don't know.

Marshall is disgruntled, but hides it behind his reserve.

MARSHALL
Alright.

JOE
Where would you go shopping?

MARSHALL
For what? What do you need?

JOE
Clothes.

MARSHALL
What kind of clothes? What is your taste?

JOE
I don't exactly know.

Marshall pulls the car over and stops.

JOE
Why'd you stop?

MARSHALL
I'm just hired to drive the car, mister. I'm not here to tell you who you are.

JOE
I didn't ask you to tell me who I am.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

MARSHALL
You were hinting around about clothes. It happens that clothes are very important to me, Mister...

JOE
Banks.

MARSHALL
Banks. Clothes make the man. I believe that. You say to me you wanna go shopping, you wanna buy clothes, but you don't know what kind. You leave that hanging in the air, like I'm going to fill in the blank, that to me is like asking me who you are, and I don't know who you are, I don't wanna know. It's taken me my whole life to find out who I am and I'm tired now, you hear what I'm sayin'? What's your name?

JOE
Joe.

MARSHALL
My name's Marshall, how you do?

They shake hands quite seriously.

MARSHALL
Now what's your situation? Explain your situation to me?

JOE
I'm going away on a long trip.

MARSHALL
Okay.

JOE
I've got the opportunity to buy some clothes today.

MARSHALL
Yes.

JOE
Money's no object.

MARSHALL
Good. Where you going?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3) 23

JOE
Well. I'm going out tonight in the city.

MARSHALL
Nice places?

JOE
I hope so. Then tomorrow I'm flying to L.A.

MARSHALL
First class?

JOE
Yeah.

MARSHALL
Good.

JOE
Then I'm getting on a yacht and sailing to the South Pacific.

MARSHALL
Hawaii?

JOE
No. A really unknown little island.

MARSHALL
No tourists?

JOE
I don't think so.

MARSHALL
Good.

JOE
Then I'll be on the island a couple of weeks, and then that's it.

MARSHALL
And what do you got in the way of clothes now?

JOE
Well, I've got the kind of clothes I'm wearin'.

MARSHALL
So you've got no clothes.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (4) 23

He thinks. Marshall puts the car in gear and pulls away from the curb.

24 EXT. DUNHILL - DAY 24 *

The white limo pulls up. Two dog bars bracket the entrance to Brooks Brothers with two big matching dogs, probably great Danes, drinking at each of the dog bars. The dogs are held on leashes by a man in a business suit and a woman in a pretty coat.

25 INT. WHITE LIMO - DAY 25

Joe's getting ready to get out.

JOE
So just socks and underwear?

MARSHALL
Conservative underwear is the only way to go. White cotton broadcloth boxers. Silk shorts make you feel like a whore so none of that. But with the T-shirts sea island cotton, alright?

JOE
Alright.

Joe gets out of the car and goes in.

26 INT. DUNHILL - UNDERWEAR COUNTER - DAY 26 *

A conservative salesman, TROY, is helping Joe.

TROY
How many pairs of boxer shorts would you like, sir?

JOE
How many does a man need?

Troy pauses, thinks and replies.

TROY
Eight pairs.

27 EXT. DUNHILL - DAY 27 *

Marshall's leaning against the limo, reading a copy of Scientific American. Joe comes out of the store with a shopping bag. Marshall opens the door for him.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

JOE
They've got a changing room. I'm wearing the underwear.

MARSHALL
I knew that. I could see it on your face.

28 INT. LIMO - STILL AT CURB BY BROOKS - DAY 28

MARSHALL
What else you need?

JOE
Ah, well, some kind of overcoat. I don't know, maybe like a Burberry?

MARSHALL
Burberry? That stuff makes me sick. It's well made, but there's no hormones. You're a sexual man, aren't ya?

JOE
Yeah?

MARSHALL
Well, that Burberry shit's for men whose dicks are for pissing only. Not that I mean to be crude, but I'm trying to express something. Armani. That's what you want. And how 'bout a haircut?

JOE
What's wrong with my hair?

MARSHALL
It's wrong on your head. You look like a Democrat without politics. I can't express myself. It looks wrong on your head.

While he's talking, he has picked up the car phone and punched some numbers. He speaks into the phone.

MARSHALL
Salon Salon, please.

He breaks the connection and dials again.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

MARSHALL
Hi, gimme Cassie, please. Hello, Cassie? It's Marshall, how you? Good. Listen, I got somebody who needs you today, can you help me out? 2:30? Great, good, thanks.

He hangs up. He puts the car in gear and pulls away.

MARSHALL
We gotta get moving.

29 EXT. GIORGIO ARMANI'S - DAY 29

The white limo pulls up.

30 INT. LIMO - DAY 30

JOE
So what do I ask for?

MARSHALL
This is too complicated. I gotta come in with you. If I getta ticket it can't be helped.

31 EXT. LIMO OUTSIDE ARMANI'S - DAY 31

Joe and Marshall get out and go in.

32 INT. ARMANI'S - DAY 32

Joe is standing on a fitting stool in a beautiful suit. He's being ministered to by TWO ITALIAN TAILORS, as Marshall supervises. Marshall murmurs to one of the Tailors.

MARSHALL
I still think the full break over the shoe is the way to go.

TAILOR #1
No more than half this year, I swear to you.

TAILOR #2
(to Joe)
You can take it off now, sir.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

MARSHALL
Hey, Joe, how about a tux?

JOE
What for?

MARSHALL
Something'll come up. There's nothing a man looks better in.

JOE
I'll get one if you get one.

MARSHALL
I can't be buying no Armani tux. I'm a working man.

JOE
You're getting paid to drive the car. Nobody's paying you to give me all this advice. Let me buy you the tux and we'll call it even.

Marshall thinks this over.

33 INT. ARMANI'S - TEN MINUTES LATER - DAY 33

Marshall is standing on the fitting stool in an Armani tuxedo. TAILOR #1 is doing his cuffs.

MARSHALL
Gimme the full break on the cuffs, Pietro. It's my preference.

TAILOR #1
Very good.

34 EXT. ARMANI'S - JOE AND MARSHALL - DAY 34

emerge. Marshall opens the door to the limo for Joe and urges him to speed it up.

MARSHALL
Come on, man! We're on a roll!
(as he walks around to the driver's side)
Didn't even get a ticket.

Marshall gets in, starts it up, and pulls away.

35 EXT. HORN OF AFRICA - LIMO OUTSIDE - DAY 35 *

Two Bengal tigers bracket either side of the entrance. * they are stuffed. *

36 INT. THE HORN OF AFRICA - DAY 36 *

Joe is trying on a safari jacket. Two salesmen stand by. Joe nods. Now one of the salesmen puts a particularly dashing safari hat on Joe. He looks in a mirror. He really, really likes it.

37 INT. SALON SALON - DAY 37

It's a large, bustling beauty center in midtown. There must be fifteen hairdressers spread out over a spacious, well-windowed area. It's a festive place with glossy magazines and coffee and water running and blow dryers going. Happy BRAZILIAN MUSIC is playing on the sound system. Now we zero in on Cassie's corner. CASSIE is in her thirties, with a short fetching up-to-the-minute haircut. She's also got a terrific personality; she's the salt of the earth. And she's cutting Joe's hair. Marshall sits on a nearby chair. He's reading B, a trendy magazine.

JOE
How you making me look?

CASSIE
I'm undoing this cut from before. This is some piece of geography. * Where'd you get this? *

JOE
In one of those subway barber shops.

CASSIE
It has that reality. Grim. You're a very handsome guy, I'm just gonna bring that out. Marshall, which one is that? *

MARSHALL
It's the in and out issue.

CASSIE
That's the best! What's in?

MARSHALL
Carrie Fisher, Barcelona, African-Americans, happy endings, The New York Daily News, tomato salads, God, garlic, wristwatches you have to wind up, and true love.

CASSIE
Carrie Fisher! *

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

MARSHALL
You don't like Carrie Fisher?

CASSIE
I love Carrie Fisher! I can't believe it! Justice at last! That's a totally great list. What's out? Read it slow.

MARSHALL
Kafka, C.D.'s...

CASSIE
That's true. I've had it with Kafka.

MARSHALL
Stand-up comedy...

CASSIE
Stand-up comedy makes me nervous.

MARSHALL
All restaurants that haven't been in existance for at least thirty years...

CASSIE
Yes.

MARSHALL
Ivana Trump...

CASSIE
No, I don't agree with that. I love Ivana Trump!

MARSHALL
New money and old money...

CASSIE
Okay.

MARSHALL
All camp, all trash, all trivia...

CASSIE
Oh comon, take a risk.

MARSHALL
And The New York Times.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

CASSIE
At last somebody said it! What a rag!

MARSHALL
And then there's a special category. Eternally In: John Huston. Eternally Out: Anything having to do with the 70's.

Cassie finishes cutting Joe's hair. It's a great cut.

CASSIE
(to Marshall)
Very gratifying. Thank you. There he is.

JOE
I look good.

Marshall nods approval. Cassie and Joe exchange a smile.

38 OMITTED 38 *

39 EXT. HAMMACHER SCHELEMMER - DAY 39

The limo pulls up. Joe goes in. Marshall stays in the car.

40 INT. HAMMACHER SCHELEMMER - DAY 40

We watch Joe buy a world-band travel radio, a Swiss army knife, a violin case that doubles as a bar, a large, light-colored umbrella, an indoor golfing practice green with a putter, walk on water shoes and a lantern.

41 INT. WHITE LIMO IN FRONT OF ARMANI - DAY 41

Two uniformed attendants from Armani are handing the last of the boxes to Joe, who's now sitting in front with Marshall.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

The back of the car is completely loaded with stuff. The attendants head back to the entrance where they stand at parade rest on either side of the door. Joe calls after.

JOE
Thanks!

Marshall pulls away from the curb.

MARSHALL
You know what you need?

JOE
What else could I need?

MARSHALL
How you gonna carry this stuff? You need luggage!

JOE
I didn't think of that.

42 INT. SMALL EXCLUSIVE LUGGAGE STORE (J. RUSS) - DAY 42

It's as quiet as a church. A few pieces of extremely high quality leather luggage are on display. The LUGGAGE SALESMAN, a small neat man in a quiet suit, is the store's representative. He's talking with Joe. He's a very serious, understated man. *

LUGGAGE SALESMAN *
Have you thought much about luggage, Mr. Banks?

JOE
No, I never really have.

LUGGAGE SALESMAN
It's the central preoccupation of my life. You travel the world, you're away from home, perhaps away from your family, all you have to depend on is yourself and your luggage.

JOE
I guess that's true.

LUGGAGE SALESMAN
Are you traveling light or heavy?

JOE
Heavy.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

MORTON
Flying?

JOE
Flying. And by ship.

MORTON
An ocean voyage?

JOE
Yes.

MORTON
Ah.

JOE
And then I'll be staying on this island, I don't even really know if I'll be living in a hut or what.

MORTON
Very exciting.

JOE
Yeah.

MORTON
As a luggage problem. I believe I have just the thing.

Morton rolls out an absolutely gorgeous steamer trunk of dark, wine-colored leather and brass fittings.

JOE
Wow.

Morton opens it. It has hangers, drawers, a mirror, the works.

MORTON
This is our premier steamer trunk. All handmade, only the finest materials. It's even water-tight, tight as a drum. If I had the need and the wherewithal, Mr. Banks, this would be my trunk of choice. I could face the world with a trunk like this by my side.

Joe is moved.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2) 42

JOE
I'll take four of them.

This is the classiest thing Morton's ever heard. Not normally a demonstrative man, he slowly raises his hand, offering it to Joe. Joe takes it and they shake.

43 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LUGGAGE STORE - DAY 43

Marshall and Joe have just finished securing the four trunks to the top of the white limo. They get in the car.

44 INT. LIMO - DAY 44

Marshall starts it up.

JOE
I'm through shopping.

MARSHALL
Fair enough. Where to? Staten Island?

JOE
Yeah, I guess so. No. A really good hotel. The Plaza?

MARSHALL
The Plaza's nice.

JOE
Where would you go?

MARSHALL
(lighting up)
The Carlyle!

45 EXT. THE CARLYLE HOTEL - DUSK 45

Seven bellboys and girls are unloading the white limo and carrying its contents into the hotel. They wear classic bellboy uniforms and caps. Marshall and Joe are watching. *

JOE
Marshall?

MARSHALL
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

JOE
I wonder if you'd want to have dinner with me tonight?

MARSHALL
Can't do it. I got my wife and kids at the end of the day, you know?

JOE
Yeah.

The HEAD BELLBOY informs Joe. *

HEAD BELLBOY *
Everything's at check-in when you're ready, sir.

Leon departs within.

MARSHALL
Listen, ain't you got nobody?

JOE
No. But there are certain times in your life when I guess you're not supposed to have anybody, you know? There are certain doors you have to go through alone.

MARSHALL
You're gonna be alright.

Joe shrugs. He and Marshall shake hands. They look at each other. We see Marshall get in the limo and pull away. We see Joe look after him, then turn and go into the hotel.

MUSIC:

A instrumental jazz version of "Do You Know The Way To San Jose" plays through the following scenes.

46 INT. SUITE IN THE CARLYLE HOTEL - NIGHT 46

Joe has one of his trunks open. He's hanging his tuxedo up in it. He's been taking stuff out of boxes and packing it into the trunks. He opens another box and takes out his new suit. The MUSIC CONTINUES through next.

47 INT. MAIN RESTAURANT IN THE CARLYLE HOTEL - NIGHT 47

This is an incredibly beautiful, quiet restaurant. Joe's discovered, sitting alone at a table. The Carlyle waiter is just walking away. Joe's sipping a glass of wine, his entree before him. The MUSIC CONTINUES through next.

48 EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - JOE - NIGHT 48

walking along. As he approaches The Plaza, two cabs pull up and eight theatregoers from out of town disembark. They are all middle-aged, wearing their best clothes, having a good time. They cross in front of Joe on their way into the hotel. He watches them go by and disappear. It makes him smile and it makes him feel alone. He goes on. The MUSIC CONTINUES through next.

49 EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW - NIGHT 49

Joe walks by and stops, struck by the contents of the window. It's a female dummy, dressed as Patricia will be on the yacht. Behind the dummy is a photomural of the yacht.

50 INT. TUESDAY'S (JAZZ BAR) - NIGHT 50

We've arrived at the place where the music is coming from. Joe sits at a little table listening to a good jazz quartet. They are a pasty-faced English quartet. Everyone in the club is black except Joe, the bartender and the band, which is playing "Do You Know The Way to San Jose." Everyone is drinking martinis. They form a straight line down the bar each with a giant olive in it. Joe finishes a martini and waves for the check. The MUSIC CONTINUES through next. * * * * *

51 EXT. UPPER MADISON AVENUE - 30 FEET FROM THE CARLYLE - NIGHT 51

Joe, weaving ever so slightly, walks up the street and approaches the hotel. The MUSIC CONCLUDES.

52 INT. THE CARLYLE HOTEL - JOE'S SUITE - NIGHT 52

The lights are out. Joe's in bed, staring at the ceiling. We look DOWN on him. It's very, very silent. Finally, he closes his eyes and turns his head.

53 EXT. AMERICAN AIRLINE IN FLIGHT - DAY 53

54 INT. AMERICAN FLIGHT - FIRST CLASS - DAY 54

In the flight to L.A. a fake sun shines in the window. Joe is sitting on the aisle. Next to him is a grey-haired, wholesome priest named FATHER CONROY. The clergyman is most way through a drink, wrapped up in his own thoughts. Joe is deeply aware that he's sitting next to a priest; he's uneasy, shifting in his chair. The STEWARDESS notices Joe and approaches.

STEWARDESS
Can I get you anything, sir?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

JOE
No, thank you. No, I changed my mind. Some club soda, please.

STEWARDESS
Alright.

Father Conroy catches her eye and slightly raises his almost empty drink.

FATHER CONROY
I think I'll have one more.

STEWARDESS
Alright.

The Stewardess heads off, down the aisle. Joe catches the priest's eye.

JOE
Have you ever been to California before?

FATHER CONROY
Oh, many times.

JOE
I've never been anywhere.

FATHER CONROY
I was a chaplain there, years ago. For the Marines. Camp Pendleton.

JOE
I don't believe in God.

FATHER CONROY
Okay.

JOE
I did when I was a kid, but I lost my faith in high school.

FATHER CONROY
Uh-huh.

JOE
And then, when I was in danger -- I was a fireman -- in the middle of the fire, I never like turned around and fell to my knees and started praying.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2) 54

FATHER CONROY
No?

JOE
No. There are atheists in foxholes.

FATHER CONROY
I'm sure there are.

JOE
But I've come to a place in my life where I've come face to face with the facts of life and death. I mean, it's a chance happening I'm alive, it's a miracle, I'm so lucky! And it's not going to last. It's like a shooting star. So beautiful, so fleeting, make a wish before it's gone, you know? I'm so moved. But cut off. If there is a God, if there is some kind of music going through everything, I can't hear it. I'm alone. I really feel I'm alone. I'm walking down this little path by myself.

FATHER CONROY
Yes.

JOE
Can you help me?

The Stewardess has returned with their drinks.

STEWARDESS
Hi. I have your drinks.

JOE
Oh, yeah. Thank you.

She serves the priest a little bottle of bourbon and a glass of ice. He gives her his old glass.

FATHER CONROY
Thank you.

Joe is still focussed on Father Conroy. The good Father carefully pours the little bottle of bourbon over the ice. Joe is very intense.

JOE
Can you help me?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3) 54

FATHER CONROY
Do you see an analyst of some kind?

JOE
I don't need an analyst. That's not the kind of problem I have.

The fake sun shines through the cabin window.

FATHER CONROY
If you need a guide. If you're a seeker and you need a guide, someone to counsel you so you can find your way forward into a spiritual realm. And you're on an airplane. Don't look in first class.

Father Conroy raises his glass of bourbon in a little toast to Joe, and then takes a healthy swallow.

55 EXT. L.A. AIRPORT - RUNWAY - DAY 55

The American flight lands.

56 INT. L.A. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 56

Joe and his fellow travellers are just entering the terminal proper. A commercial airplane presses its nose inquisitively against a visible window. It is surrounded by orange trees. Joe is surrounded by Girl Scouts as he gets off the plane. We see a homemade banner "Welcome to L.A. Scout Troop 26." Of the six people waiting, five of them look like Brezhnev. The sixth is ANGELICA, she is holding aloft a sign which reads "JOSEPH BANKS." She looks like Dede. Joe does a take, he goes to her. * * * * * * * * *

JOE
Hi.

ANGELICA
Hi, are you, Joe Banks?

JOE
Yeah. Who are you?

ANGELICA
I'm the daughter of the guy who hired you. Angelica Graynamore.

Joe shakes her hand.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

JOE
Nice to meet you. Again.

ANGELICA
What?

Joe shakes his head.

ANGELICA
My father told me to tell you that I don't know what he hired you for, and not to tell me. That I'm totally untrustworthy. C'mon, let's get outta here.

JOE
I've got some luggage.

56A & 57 OMITTED 56A * & 57 *

58 EXT. TAXI FULL OF STEAMER TRUNKS - DAY 58

The taxi is going along a highway. We LEAVE the taxi and MOVE FORWARD TO a red convertible. In the red convertible are Angelica at the wheel, and Joe beside her. They are driving alongside the blue ocean. Green palm trees wave overhead. All is beautiful and fresh.

JOE
I've never been to L.A. before.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

ANGELICA
What do you think?

JOE
It looks fake. I like it.

59 EXT. SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - SUNSET 59 *

The red convertible pulls up to the entrance and we hear Angelica say:

ANGELICA (O.S.)
Daddy wanted to put you up at the Beverly Hills Hotel, but I said no way! Shangri-la, Shangri-la!

The taxi pulls up behind them. Angelica gets out of the car and goes back to the cab. She gives the DRIVER money.

ANGELICA
Thanks. And that's for you. And put everything on the curb, please.

DRIVER
Thank you.

Joe gets out of the convertible. Two porters emerge from the hotel with luggage carriers, and assist the Driver in transferring the trunks. Angelica jumps back in her car and calls to Joe.

ANGELICA
Check in, fresh up, I'll be back for you at seven. We'll have dinner.

Angelica drives off. Joe looks after, then turns and goes into the hotel.

60 INT. CHINOIS - NIGHT 60

fancy "fun" restaurant. A big platter of Dungeness crabs being carried through the restaurant. It's placed on a table where Joe and Angelica are sitting. There are already two other platters of exotic food on the table. Now we see the waiter, a slick blond named RALPH.

RALPH
The Dungeness crabs.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (A1) 60

Joe looks at this dish with alarm. Ralph departs.

ANGELICA
What's the matter?

JOE
Nothing.

ANGELICA
They do look like big bugs or something.
(picks one up and attacks it)
But they're good.

Joe tentatively takes one, and small portions of the other dishes.

ANGELICA
What'd you do before you signed on with my dad?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

JOE
I was an advertising librarian for a medical supply company.

ANGELICA
Oh. Uh-huh.

JOE
What do you do?

Angelica produces and takes two pills. Suddenly, she gets very defensive.

ANGELICA
I'm a painter. And a poet.

JOE
Really?

ANGELICA
Yes. Does that bother you?

JOE
No.

ANGELICA
People from New York usually look down on painters. And poets.

JOE
I didn't know that.

ANGELICA
They think if you live in L.A., and you say you're an artist, you really do nothing!

JOE
Why?

ANGELICA
You don't think I do nothing?

JOE
No.

ANGELICA
You believe me when I say I'm a painter?

JOE
And a poet. Sure.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2) 60

ANGELICA
Well, you're right. There's a painting of mine right there.

CUT TO:

60A PAINTING OF CAR 60A

in a yellow pool of light overlooking a lit-up city below. And --

CUT BACK TO:

60B JOE AND ANGELICA 60B

looking.

JOE
It's terrific. Where you get your ideas?

ANGELICA
I'll show you.

CUT BACK TO:

60C PAINTING 60C

DISSOLVES INTO:

61 EXT. HILL WITH STREETLIGHT - NIGHT 61

The streetlight casts a pool of light just like in the painting, and the city glitters below. When Angelica's car pulls into the pool of light and stops, the picture is complete.

JOE
Nice view. It's like looking down at the stars.

Angelica takes two more pills.

ANGELICA
Do you want to hear one of my poems?

JOE
Sure.

ANGELICA
Long ago, the delicate tangles of his hair,
Covered the emptiness of my hands.
(to Joe)
Do you wanna hear it again?

JOE
Okay.

ANGELICA
Long ago, the delicate tangles of his hair,
Covered the emptiness of my hands.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

She has tears in her eyes. Joe looks at her, concerned.

JOE
What's the matter?

ANGELICA
Did you ever think about killing yourself?

JOE
What? Why would you do that?

ANGELICA
Why shouldn't I?

JOE
Some things take care of themselves. They're not your job. Maybe they're not even your business. I like your poem.

ANGELICA
I'm a grown woman and I live on my father's money. The restaurant that had my painting up, that's my father's restaurant.

JOE
Why you telling me?

ANGELICA
I don't know.
(making a joke out of it)
I'll tell anybody who'll listen.
(dropping it)
No, that's not true. I don't know why I'm telling you.

JOE
Listen to me. If you have a choice between killing yourself and doing something you're scared of doing, why not take the leap and do the thing you're scared of doing?

ANGELICA
You mean stop taking money and leave L.A.?

JOE
You see? You know what you're afraid of doing. Why don't you do it? See what happens?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2) 61

Inspired by him, she hesitates on the brink of courage. For a moment she finds it and lifts her hands to say "yes," but her courage fails her. She gets a chill.

ANGELICA
You must be tired.

She starts up the car.

ANGELICA
Thanks for listening, but I'm a little high, and you don't know me from Adam, I mean, I guess, Eve. Anyway, forget it.

JOE
I don't mind talking.

Suddenly, she's very angry.

ANGELICA
Well, I do! This is one of those typical conversations where we're all open and sharing our innermost thoughts and it's all bullshit and a lie and it doesn't cost you anything!

JOE
Look. I don't know you. I don't think I know anybody. You're angry. I can see that.
(he quietly gets upset)
I'm very troubled. I'm not ready to... There's only so much time and you wanna use it well. So I'm here talking to you, I don't wanna throw that away. Time. I can feel it going by. Like when I was a kid on a sled going down a hill. I wanna drag my feet to slow it down, it's so scary. But you're gone, you know? You're born, and you're on the move, you're on the sled and you're going down the hill. Fast. Fast. I'm doing the best I can. Angelica. I like your name. I didn't tell you that. Maybe you better take me back to the hotel.

His eyes are shining. She looks at him. She puts the car in gear and pulls out.

62 EXT. SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - NIGHT 62

The red convertible pulls up. Joe gets out.

ANGELICA
You want me to come in? I could come up with you?

JOE
No.

ANGELICA
Alright. Will you have breakfast with me? I'm supposed to get you to the boat by ten, but I could meet you for breakfast.

JOE
Okay.

She drives off. Joe turns to go into the hotel, changes his mind, and walks out into the street. We FOLLOW him. He dodges a lone car, and makes it to the other side, where the palm trees grow.

63 JOE - NIGHT 63

Joe making his way through some greenery. He parts some tall grass, and we see what he sees --

64 EXT. BEACH AND OCEAN - JOE'S POV - NIGHT 64

A couple of stars vaguely twinkle overhead. There's the DULL BOOM of the SURF.

65 DOWN WHERE BEACH MEETS OCEAN - NIGHT 65

Joe arrives at this spot and sits down in the sand. He looks out at the ocean, at the horizon, where the night presses down on the water. Time passes. The sky gets lighter.

MUSIC.

The VAGUE beginnings of something MAGICAL and very, very big are heard.

A band of golden light hits Joe in the back of the head. * He turns around and it's in his eyes. We see the fake * sun rising over a row of palm trees. Just a touch of red * on the horizon.

The MAGICAL MUSIC CEASES.

But the sun continues to rise. And rise. Until it clears the horizon and is a discreet orange-blue disk in the morning sky.

66 INT. SUNNY RESTAURANT - DAY 66

The sun turns into an orange-yellow yolk of a sunnyside-up egg. The CAMERA PULLS BACK. Joe and Angelica are eating breakfast. Joe is dressed like Jungle Jim.

ANGELICA
I'm so tired. You take that stuff, it just ruins your sleep. I'm sorry I was so abusive, emotional, immature, hostile, aggressive and needy last night.

JOE
You were fine.

ANGELICA
What did my father hire you to do?

JOE
Would you mind, I don't want to talk about it.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

ANGELICA
Okay. I don't even know where you're going on the boat. Patricia won't tell me.

JOE
Who's Patricia?

ANGELICA
She's my half-sister. She's the one who's sailing you wherever you're going. *

JOE
She is?

ANGELICA
You didn't know?

JOE
No.

ANGELICA
My father loves a secret almost as much as he loves money. Can I ask you something?

JOE
What?

ANGELICA
Why are you dressed like Jungle Jim?

JOE
You think this is inappropriate? For the boat?

ANGELICA
No, it's fine. We'd better get going. I gotta guy dropping your trunks off at the marina who may or may not have understood my travel directions.

They get up to go.

67 EXT. BIG MARINA - MANY BOATS LIKE RESTLESS HORSES - DAY 67

At the end of a long narrow dock is a yacht about 75 feet long. It dwarfs all the other vessels. We hear a CAR DOOR SLAM and hear Angelica. *

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (AA1) 67

ANGELICA (O.S.)
Here we are.

Now we see Angelica and Joe approach the dock and start walking down it. We see them FROM the back and hear them talking.

JOE
Is it the one on the end?

ANGELICA
Yeah.

JOE
It's big.

They approach the yacht, which is called The Tweedle Dee. It has on its hull a single arrogant eye that looks haughtily at Joe. On the dock by the yacht are the four steamer trunks. Sitting on a piling, staring balefully at the trunks is a magnificent, athletic, truly feminine, blonde, blue-eyed woman in her late twenties. This is PATRICIA. On The Tweedle Dee two boat boys, MIKE and TONY, ready the yacht for departure; they are young and shining and strong. Joe and Angelica arrive at the slip. Patricia looks just like Dede and Angelica. Joe does a take. * * *

JOE
(to Angelica)
You say this is your half-sister? *

ANGELICA
Yeah.

PATRICIA
What's the trunks, Felix?

JOE
They're my... My name's not Felix, it's Joe.

PATRICIA
I know.
(calling out)
Mike! Tony! Find a place for these boxes.

Mike and Tony jump off the yacht and proceed to load the trunks.

PATRICIA
That outfit's wearing you, Felix.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (A1) 67

JOE
Why are you calling me Felix? My name's Joe.

PATRICIA
I'm calling you Felix because I do what I want. Hello, Angelica.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

ANGELICA
Hello, Patricia.

PATRICIA & ANGELICA
(simultaneously)
Do you know where Dad is?

PATRICIA
(to Joe)
We never know where our father is and we always suspect that the other one knows. But it's all phone calls and telegrams, hey, Angelica?

ANGELICA
Well, you're in a rotten mood.

PATRICIA
It's the sunshine. It gets me down.

The boat boys have finished bringing aboard the last trunk.

ANGELICA
Where are you going?

PATRICIA
Can you believe it? Dad said not to tell you. Goes with my theory. Power makes you paranoid.

Mike calls out from the yacht.

MIKE
All set.

Patricia hops off the piling.

PATRICIA
Wll, get ready to heave, Felix.

Joe gets angry.

JOE
My name is Joseph or Joe.

Patricia deflates a bit.

PATRICIA
Alright. Joe. Get ready. We're leaving.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2) 67

Joe turns to Angelica and speaks to her privately.

JOE
'Bye.

ANGELICA
'Bye.

JOE
Listen. Don't take drugs.

ANGELICA
Okay.

JOE
Wish me luck.

ANGELICA
Good luck.

He takes her hand and gives her a little kiss on the cheek. She notes his hand. She's puzzled.

ANGELICA
You're shaking.

He smiles, examining his hand.

JOE
Am I? A little.
(looks at the land in the distance behind her)
Yeah.

He runs up the gangway. Patricia has already boarded the boat. The boat boys are casting off. Patricia takes the wheel. But we are still WITH Angelica on the dock. She stands there. Slowly, as the yacht pulls away, she waves. Joe stands at the railing, the sails still furled behind him. He waves back.

Now we are WITH Joe on the yacht, at the railing. He waves a little, and then his eyes rove the shore.

68 JOE'S POV - SHORE - DAY 68

Joe looks at the flag on the stern of The Tweedle Dee. He looks up from the flag at his departing homeland. A ghost image of the flag follows his glance up so that he sees the following through that image. He sees Angelica on the dock, and then the boats behind her, and then the parking lot behind that. And then the hills in the distance off to his left. And the rich people's houses off to his right.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

And cars on roads. And a smokestack. He sees all this through the ghost image of that American flag. He sees his homeland. Receding. He's leaving his homeland. He will never see it again. And now we see again: *
*

69 JOE - AT RAIL - DAY 69

Staring, moved, determined. His clothes are a bit much, but he almost fills them in this moment. A wind comes up and sweeps his safari hat off his head, into the ocean. He flinches slightly at the loss.

70 HAT - DAY 70

swirling away into the wake. But now we see again:

71 JOE 71

And after a glance, he gives up the hat without regret. He continues to look after the receding land. Without the hat he looks great. His hair blows in the wind and he stares and stares.

72 EXT. YACHT - FROM FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY - DAY 72

The Tweedle Dee has cleared the harbor and the boat boys have started unfurling the sails. The huge, snowy sails fill with a rich wind.

73 INT. YACHT - GALLEY - DAY 73

The chef, a German named DAGMAR, is laying out the last of five plates on a tray, five lovely nicoise salads. Tony awaits Dagmar's pleasure.

DAGMAR
Go.

Tony picks up the tray and takes it out of the galley to:

74 EXT. DINING TABLE - SUNSET 74 *

Which is shaded by a canopy. At the table sit Joe and Patricia. On the table are place settings, white wine, and glasses. Tony serves their plates and goes.

JOE
Looks delicious.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (A1) 74

PATRICIA
We eat well aboard The Tweedle Dee.

JOE
The Tweedle Dee?

PATRICIA
That's the name of this boat.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

JOE

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2) 74

PATRICIA
So we're going to the island of Waponi Woo.

JOE
I guess so.

PATRICIA
Why?

JOE
You don't know?

PATRICIA
No.

JOE
Have you ever been there?

PATRICIA
No. All I know about Waponi Woo is that the name means 'the little island with the big volcano,' and that the people, the Waponis, like orange soda.

JOE
They like orange soda.

PATRICIA
(produces a book called History of Polynesia)
Yeah. I've got a book. 'Eighteen hundred years ago, a Roman galley with a crew of Jews and Druids, got caught in a huge storm off Carthage. They were swept a thousand miles off course, and ended up on the wrong side of the horn of Africa. Thinking they were returning to Rome, they sailed deep into the South Pacific, and finally ended by colonizing a lightly populated, Polynesian island which they named Waponi Woo. Thus was born the Waponi culture -- a mixutre of Polynesian, Celtic, Hebrew and Latin influences. The Waponis are known throughout Polynesia as having a peculiar love of orange soda and no sense of direction.'

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2A) 74

JOE
Why'd you talk to me so snotty back on the dock?

PATRICIA
Because you work for my father. And I'm angry with my father. But he's not around to give him a shot. So you work for him, I give you a shot.

JOE
Why you angry with him?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (3) 74

PATRICIA
Because he's never around.

JOE
If you're angry with him, and he's never around, why are you working for him?

PATRICIA
I don't work for him. My transport of you is strictly a favor.

JOE
You do favors for people you're mad at?

PATRICIA
I don't work for him!

JOE
Alright.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (4) 74

PATRICIA
He said he'd give me this boat if I took you.

JOE
Wow.

PATRICIA
(defensive)
He's got two of them. This is The Tweedle Dee. There's a Tweedle Dum, too.

She gets up. She's flustered.

PATRICIA
I've got the wheel tied up, which is not good sailing. Excuse me.

She goes toward the stern. Joe is left alone to finish his lunch.

75 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - DAY 75

is cutting through the blue. The sun is setting.

76 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - NIGHT 76

is anchored and lit up. It's a dark and starless night.

77 INT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - CABINS - NIGHT 77

Patricia is showing Joe his berth. The whole interior of the boat is made of beautiful wood.

PATRICIA
Is this okay for you?

JOE
Sure.

PATRICIA
The boys like to sleep in the hull. Dagmar sleeps on deck when the weather's good. So you've pretty much got things to yourself. I'm in the little stateroom.

JOE
Great.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

But Patricia lingers.

PATRICIA
I'm sorry I was so rude on the dock.

JOE
That's okay.

She finished, but again she lingers, awkward. Finally, she blurts out.

PATRICIA
Did you sleep with my sister?

JOE
No.

PATRICIA
Actually, she's my half-sister. *

JOE
No, I didn't.

PATRICIA
Okay.
(again she's awkward)
Do you like to fish?

JOE
Sure.

PATRICIA
Maybe tomorrow we'll do some fishing.

She goes to the entranceway and fingers a switch on the wall.

PATRICIA
This is the light switch. Did Mike show you how to work the bathroom?

JOE
Yeah.

PATRICIA
Good. Do you want me to turn off the light while I'm going?

JOE
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2) 77

She turns off the light. Only the light from the entranceway illuminates her now, and Joe is not visible.

PATRICIA
I love my sister. I know she's screwed up. I love my father, even though I never see him and he's not so great when I do see him. I'm very nervous about this trip. My father didn't tell me anything and you don't seem to be telling me anything. But it's more than that. I've always kept clear of my father's stuff since I got out on my own. Now he's pulled me back in. He knew I wanted this boat and he used it and he got me working for him, which I swore I would never do. I feel ashamed because I had a price. He named it. And now I know that about myself. I don't know who you are. I don't know anything about you. But you're working for him, too, and that makes us two of a kind. I could treat you like I did back on the dock, but that would be me kicking myself for selling out. Which isn't fair to you and doesn't make me feel any better. I don't know what your situation is. But I wanted you to know what mine is. Not just to explain some rude behavior. But because we're on a little boat for a while and I'm soul sick and you're gonna see that. Like my sister. She's soul sick, too. And if you'd slept with her I would've known something about you. But you didn't. You didn't. I believe you.

JOE
I'm glad you believe me.

PATRICIA
Have you ever slept on a boat before?

JOE
No.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (3) 77

PATRICIA
It really affects your dreams. I look forward to it. Even though, sometimes, the dreams really shake me up. Okay. Good night.

JOE
Good night.

She departs through the entranceway. The light goes out, and it's dark and quiet.

78 EXT. STERN OF THE TWEEDLE DEE - DAY 78

It's a really beautiful sunny day. Tony is at the wheel, the sails are full and, sitting in two chairs hard by the stern are Joe and Patricia. They both are holding deep sea fishing rods; they're trolling.

MUSIC.

"The Girl From Ipanema," the famous recording by Getz and Gilberto, is playing now.

Patricia reels in her line. A beautiful fish is flapping on the end of it. Joe reels in his line. Nothing. He watches as Patricia unhooks her catch and tosses it in a hamper. Dagmar appears, looks in the hamper, and nods approvingly. Then he looks at Joe. Where's Joe's fish? Then he walks away again. Joe casts again, while Patricia rebaits her hook. Then Patricia casts again. Mike arrives with a beer for Patricia, who accepts it. Mike leaves. Patricia gets another strike, asks Joe to hold her beer, which he does. She reels in another beautiful fish. She unhooks it and throws it in the hamper. Dagmar appears, looks in the hamper, nods approvingly, and then looks at Joe. Where's Joe's fish? Joe looks at Dagmar, and then ignores him. Dagmar departs. Joe goes back to fishing. Now Joe gets a strike. It's a big one! The line goes burning out his reel. Patricia notices. She offers to help him. He waves her off. Dagmar appears. He offers some advice. But Joe's completely focussed on his rod. The rod, which is substantial, starts to bend. Mike comes back to watch. The rod is almost bent double. Then it goes madly to the left. Offers of help are made, but Joe shouts them back. Then the rod goes madly to the right. Dagmar runs OUT OF VIEW, and reappears with an enormous gaff, which he brandishes excitedly. A sudden powerful tug almost pulls Joe off the back of the boat, but Mike grabs him just in time. Joe is a man possessed. He reels and pulls with superhuman determination. Without warning, a huge head, the head of a shark, appears at the stern. Everybody drops everything and runs away.

79 EXT. DINING TABLE - TWILIGHT 79

The sun has just sunk beneath the horizon's rim so there's still all that sunsetting light in the sky. The first evening star has appeared. Joe and Patricia are the last left at the dinner's end. The bones of the fish Patricia caught earlier are on a platter at the table's center. Mike appears and removes the platter and a couple of stray plates, and disappears into the galley. There are balloon glasses by Joe and Patricia's places and, by Patricia, a bottle of cognac.

PATRICIA
Do you like cognac?

JOE
I guess so.

PATRICIA
I make a point of not knowing about certain things. One of them's cognac. I like cognac. But I don't want the accepted wisdom about cognac, you know what I mean? I mean I want glimpses of the myth about it. You see people drink it out of these big glasses, and smelling it forever. That's interesting to me, that sight of them doing that. But I don't want them to talk to me about it, you know what I mean? I want to figure it out based on what I've seen from other people, and what I personally get from it.

JOE
Cognac?

PATRICIA
Yeah.

She opens the bottle and pours them both some.

PATRICIA
So this is what I've got. So far. To say about this: Most cognac is French. It's very volatile. Like gasoline or model airplane glue. And when you taste it, in my opinion, it tastes like gasoline or model airplane glue. That's because it's for smelling really. And I figure that's because the French, physically, tend to have big noses. They get the pleasure of the cognac through the nose.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
You could really just smell it and pour it down the sink. But this isn't French cognac. This is Italian cognac. It's probably generally considered inferior. But the news is, it tastes good. Maybe it doesn't smell as good -- it smells okay -- but it tastes good. And when I came to that fork in the road, between the nose and the tongue, I chose the tongue. So, here's to the tongue.

They toast.

JOE
To the tongue.

They drink a little.

JOE
It's good.

80 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - NIGHT (HOUR AND A HALF LATER) 80

We see it bobbing gently on the sea. Many stars are coming out, some waxing quite bright. A half moon, pale and small, hangs in the western sky.

81 EXT. DINING TABLE ABOARD BOAT - NIGHT 81

Joe and Patricia have been talking and sipping cognac for an hour and a half. Patricia is quite mellow, as is Joe.

PATRICIA
So my understanding, as far as I understand it, is I'm leaving you on this island.

JOE
That's right.

PATRICIA
How long are you going to stay there?

JOE
For the rest of my life.

PATRICIA
Really.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

JOE
Yeah.

PATRICIA
I can't imagine that.

JOE
I couldn't have imagined any of this.

He looks at the stars.

JOE
Are you used to this?

PATRICIA
What?

JOE
The ocean, the stars.

PATRICIA
You never get used to it. Why do you think I want this boat? All I want to do is sail away.

JOE
Where would you go?

PATRICIA
Away from the things of man.

JOE
Do you believe in God?

PATRICIA
I believe in myself.

JOE
What's that mean?

PATRICIA
I have confidence in myself.

JOE
I've done a lot of soul searching lately. I've been asking myself some tough questions. You know what I've found out?

PATRICIA
What?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2) 81

JOE
I have no interest in myself. I think about myself, I get bored out of my mind.

PATRICIA
What does interest you?

JOE
I don't know. Courage. Courage interests me.

PATRICIA
You're going to spend the rest of your life on a tiny island in the South Pacific?

She pours them both a drink.

JOE
Well, up till now I've lived on a tiny island called Staten Island, and I've commuted to a job in a shutup room with pumped in air, no sunshine, despicable people, and now that I've got some distance from that situation, that seems pretty unbelievable. Your life seems unbelievable to me. All this like life, seems unbelievable to me. Somewhat. At this moment.

PATRICIA
My father says almost the whole world's asleep. Everybody you know, everybody you see, everybody you talk to. He says only a few people are awake. And they live in a state of constant total amazement.

They think about that for a while.

JOE
I have less than six months to live. The Waponis believe they need a human sacrifice or their island's going to sink into the ocean. They have a mineral your father wants. He's hired me to jump in their volcano.

PATRICIA
What?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3) 81

JOE
You're not going to make me say that again, are you?

PATRICIA
No.

A silence falls.

JOE
Aren't you going to say anything?

PATRICIA
I don't know what to say. You tell me you're dying, you tell me you're jumping into a volcano, my mind is a blank.

JOE
I can understand that.

PATRICIA
Is this disease catching?

JOE
No.

She gets up. She's pissed off. She kisses him briefly on the lips, then heads inside the boat. As she leaves she says:

PATRICIA
Good night. I'll see you in the morning.

82 INT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - SLEEPING BERTHS - NIGHT 82

Joe enters, undresses to his new underwear, and climbs into the berth. Then he remembers the light, gets up, turns it off, and climbs back into his berth. It's dark. We see his face. He thinks for a moment, and then goes to sleep. And he has a dream.

82A DREAM SEQUENCE 82A

In utter darkness we hear Joe describe his dream. *

JOE (V.O.) *
So I fell asleep and I had this *
dream. I dreamed I was a cowboy *
and I saved this girl. *
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED: 82A

JOE (V.O.)(CONT'D)
I don't know from what. But I felt so... more than usual. It was like I was alive or something. *

Everything goes dead black. There is the sound of WIND. Then Joe's face suddenly lifts up out of the dream into a CLOSEUP. Startled, he bangs his head. He has awakened from his dream. *

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

83 & 84 OMITTED 83 & 84

85 INT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - JOE IN HIS BERTH - DAY 85

It's the morning, though you can't see that in here. The boat is rocking Joe around in his berth. He looks around, bewildered. He realizes he was dreaming. Then he realizes the boat is rocking a lot. He starts to get up.

86 INT. GALLEY AREA - DAY 86

Patricia is trying to get the weather on the RADIO, but there's nothing but STATIC. She puts on a set of headphones and adjusts the dial again; the radio is silent now, only she can hear it. Joe comes into the galley, his hair still rumpled from sleeping on it.

JOE
Little rough today, huh?

Patricia waves for him to be quiet. She listens at the phones another moment, adjusting the dial. She hears something. She's glad. She listens. Her face darkens. She tears off the phones angrily.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

PATRICIA
Typhoon warning! What good is a typhoon warning when you're already being sucked into the typhoon?

JOE
We're being sucked into a typhoon?

PATRICIA
Maybe not. I think it might miss us. We're sure as hell flirting with it, though.

Dagmar appears in the hatchway.

PATRICIA
Got all the sail in?

DAGMAR
It's all down. I thought I should make some sandwiches before it gets rougher.

PATRICIA
Good idea.

Patricia goes out. Dagmar greets Joe.

DAGMAR
Good morning, Mister Banks.

JOE
Good morning.

DAGMAR
Looks like we're in for a blow.

87 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DEE'S FORWARD DECK - DAY (OVERCAST) 87

The ocean which until now has been blue, turns green. * Mike is tying up the sails, which have all been taken in. Patricia comes up and starts to assist him. A wind comes up. Patricia looks in the direction of the wind. Joe appears on the forward deck, near Patricia.

JOE
Can I help?

PATRICIA
Tie every tie that's hanging and tie 'em tight.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
(yells)
Mike, get below! Start the engine. Tell Tony to head us into the wind and keep us into the wind!

Mike runs off to do her bidding.

JOE
Are you worried?

Patricia looks in the direction the wind is coming from.

PATRICIA
I think we'll be alright. The hatches are down, the sails are down, we're ahead of the game.

88 PATRICIA'S POV - STORM COMING 88

It's dark and it's big.

89 PATRICIA 89

still staring at the storm. Joe looks where she is looking. The ENGINE CRANKS UP.

JOE
What exactly is a typhoon?

PATRICIA
You know, Joe, I think you're going to find out.

90 INT. GALLEY - DAY (OVERCAST) 90

Dagmar, Joe, Tony, and Patricia are present. Dagmar's handing out sandwiches, Tony's distributing slickers and life jackets.

TONY
(to Dagmar)
Give me a sandwich for Mike, he's on the wheel.

Dagmar gives him a sandwich. Tony takes it and goes out.

91 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - DAY 91

on the unhappy sea. The sea has turned very dark, * perhaps even black. The storm breaks with a rising wind, * a great BOOM of THUNDER, and a flash of lightning. It starts to rain, for a moment thinly, and then heavily. White caps appear. The Tweedle Dee begins to ride up and down the high waves. Its eyes now have a frightened * look. *

92 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - WHEEL 92

In the storm. Mike and Tony wrestle with the wheel to keep the bow into the wind. They are pummeled by the rain and wind.

93 INT. GALLEY 93

In the storm. Patricia is trying to send a distress signal on the radio. Joe watches. Dagmar is absent.

PATRICIA
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, latitude 10 degrees, longitude approximately 150 degrees. We are in severe distress. Mayday, Mayday, latitude 10 degrees, latitude approximately 150 degrees.

JOE
What should I do?

PATRICIA
Don't go on deck! Check on Dagmar. He went back to look at the engine.

94 INT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - HALLWAY 94

In the storm. Dagmar has just finished lifting the floorboards and he's checking the gauges on the engine with a flashlight. Joe approaches.

JOE
Everything okay?

DAGMAR
Looks good, but I'm going to stay with it.

JOE
Okay.

Joe departs. A little water drips down on Dagmar. He looks up.

95 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - WHEEL 95

In the storm. A huge wave engulfs Mike and Tony. They disappear within the wall of the water, and then re-appear, still hanging onto the wheel. This happens a second time. They withstand the onslaught. Then Mike sees something forward and points it out to Tony. He leaves Tony at the wheel and starts to crawl forward. Lightning flashes nearby.

96 INT. GALLEY 96

In the storm. Patricia is still trying to get through on the radio.

PATRICIA
Mayday, Mayday! Latitude 10 degrees, longitude approximately 150 degrees. Severe distress! Severe distress!

She drops the mike as Joe enters.

PATRICIA
No way is anybody getting this. How's Dagmar?

JOE
He's fine, he's just watching the gauges.

PATRICIA
Good.

The hatch bursts open, Mike falls in amidst water and the ROAR of the STORM. He and Joe struggle and close the hatch.

MIKE
I've got to get back to Tony, he's alone at the wheel, but the main boom doesn't look secure!

PATRICIA
What?

MIKE
I think it's gonna bust loose.

Without another word, Mike goes back out the hatch again. Joe shuts it behind him. Patricia rips open a cabinet, and pulls out a coil of nylon rope.

JOE
What are you doing?

PATRICIA
I've got to lash that boom!

JOE
You can't go out there!

PATRICIA
It's my boat.

She goes out the hatch. Joe follows her.

97 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DEE 97

In severe distress in the storm. Patricia and Joe crawl along the deck, battered by the raging typhoon. Patricia looks up.

98 PATRICIA'S POV - MAIN BOOM 98

There's too much play in it. It's swinging from side to side. If it swings much longer, it's going to snap its stays.

99 PATRICA AND JOE 99

continue to crawl toward it. Patricia clutching the coil of rope. Lightning flashes.

100 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - WHEEL 100

In the storm. Mike and Tony wrestling with the wheel and being inundated with water.

101 INT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - DAGMAR AT ENGINE 101

In the storm. a little steady stream of water is splashing on Dagmar, which he ignores. He's adjusting the timing of the engine with a fat screwdriver.

102 EXT. ERRANT BOOM - JOE AND PATRICIA 102

In the storm. With Joe's help, she starts to secure the boom, but a sudden roll of the boat throws them back, pinning them against a cabin wall.

103 ANOTHER ANGLE 103

Joe and Patricia pinned against the wall. The rain pouring over their faces. They are close, looking at each other, panting, illuminated by lightning. They lunge toward each other, careless of danger, and passionately kiss. The kiss ends. They look at each other. The boat rolls the other way, breaking the spell. They are thrown toward the boom again.

104 BOOM 104

At this moment, the boom breaks free. Joe has fallen to the deck, while Patricia is still standing.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: 104

The boom swings over Joe and slams into Patricia, knocking her unconscious and into the raging sea. Joe stands up and, still holding the coil of rope, dives into the ocean after her. A SLOW-MO stylized leap.

105 JOE 105

in the raging sea looking for Patricia in the storm. He dives under the water once, twice, but he doesn't find her. He looks around desperate. He sees something.

106 JOE'S POV - PATRICIA'S HAND 106

disappearing under the waves. Illuminated in a single flash of lightning.

107 JOE 107

Swims and dives. He pulls her up, so her head's above the surface of the water. She's unconscious and battered. A flash of lightning catches Joe's attention. He looks.

108 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DEE - JOE'S POV 108

Lightning forks around the ship once, twice, and then the third time it strikes. A massive bolt that sunders the yacht. It's the same German expressionist's bolt as at the beginning of the story: ACHI's logo.

109 JOE 109

Joe's stunned face illuminated by the great flash. He is holding the unconscious Patricia.

110 JOE'S POV - THE TWEEDLE DEE 110

sinking, in the storm. The Tweedle Dee's eyes have * turned to Xs. The yacht swamps and disappears beneath * the swirling waves.

111 JOE 111

getting tired, holds Patricia's head above water. He accidentally swallows a gulletful of seawater, chokes, splutters, and recovers himself. But he's panting. How long can he hold on? But then he sees something!

112 JOE'S POV - STEAMER TRUNK 112

One of the steamer trunks bobbing.

113 JOE 113

towing Patricia, starts swimming for the trunk.

114 ANOTHER ANGLE 114

Joe reaches the trunk. He grabs on to it gratefully, recovers his breath, and then hoists Patricia as high up on it as he can. He takes the nylon rope and lashes her to the trunk. Then he gets a good grip on the trunk himself, and braces against the storm.

115 JOE AND PATRICIA - DAY (LIGHTLY FOGGY) 115 *

Joe and Patricia on the trunk. Patricia is still unconscious and Joe is asleep, exhausted. The storm is over, and the sky is overcast. Joe blinks and wakes up. He tries to wake Patricia.

JOE
Patricia? Patricia?

But she's out cold. He looks around. He sees something.

116 JOE'S POV - OTHER THREE STEAMER TRUNKS 116

The sun shines through a crack in the clouds and lands, sparkling, on the three other trunks which are floating in the same area. They are all that survived the sinking.

117 JOE 117

lights up upon seeing his trunks. He tentatively moves a little away from Patricia on her trunk and, satisfied that she's not going to go under, he swims off.

118 ANOTHER ANGLE 118

Joe arriving at one of the other trunks, grabs it by the handle and starts towing it back towards Patricia's trunk.

119 ANOTHER ANGLE 119

Joe arriving at Patricia's trunk with the second. He lets it go and swims back for another.

120 ANOTHER ANGLE 120

Joe towing the fourth trunk into proximity with the others. He takes out his Swiss Army knife and cuts some rope from Patricia's truss. He uses it to tie two of the trunks together.

121 ANOTHER ANGLE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER 121

Joe with three trunks tied together. He is easing Patricia's unconscious form on to the three ganged-together trunks. Having accomplished this, he slides the fourth trunk into position with the other three and begins to secure it with the remaining rope. The four trunks together make up a raft of ten feet square. Joe crawls onto the raft, totally exhausted, reaches out a hand to the still form of Patricia, and passes out. The * fog begins to thin. A few shafts of sunlight dapple the * raft. *

122 SUN 122

The sun sets into the South Pacific and night begins to * fall.

123 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - NIGHT 123

Under the stars, Joe and Patricia, he asleep and she unconscious, lie unknowing under an enormous canopy of stars. The universe is great and they are small.

124 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - DAY 124

The little raft in bright, fresh sunlight. Joe stirs and wakes. He tries to wake Patricia, but to no avail. He looks in all directions. Nothing but blue horizon. After a moment's thought, he opens one of the trunks. But it's the wrong one. He secures it and opens another. He takes out a violin case and opens it; it's a bar masquerading as a violin case, the one he bought at Hammacher Schelemmer. It contains two bottles of Moet champagne, two champagne glasses and two bottles of Pellegrino water. Joe takes out one of the bottles of water and closes the case. Then he gets his little world -band radio out of the trunk and sets it down. He opens the pellegrino water and starts to drink. But then he thinks. He looks at Patricia. Her lips are a little parched. He looks up at the sun.

125 JOE'S POV - SUN 125

The sun looks kind of powerful.

126 JOE 126

looks again at the bottle of water. He decides not to drink any. He pours a little into the bottle cap, and pressess the cap to Patricia's lips. He repeats the process and then, satisfied, screws the cap on the bottle again and puts it away in the case. Then he puts the case back in the trunk and fastens the lid. He turns ON the RADIO. STATIC. Turns the dial. The VOICE of a GERMAN ANNOUNCER speaks confidentially. Joe turns the dial. A JAPANESE ANNOUNCER's VOICE solemnly intones a short statement in Japanese ending with "Elton John." Joe immediately switches the station. The song "Goodbye Cruel World" begins to play. Joe sits listening for what seems a long time.

127 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - NIGHT 127

Joe lies pretty much in the same place, listening to the radio.

MUSIC.

Del Shannon's "RUNAWAY" is playing. Joe is staring at the millions of stars overhead. He is full of wonder.

127A EXT. LITTLE RAFT - DAY 127A

Joe is chipping golf balls on his Hammacher Schelemmer practice green. Occasionally making a shot, occasionally hitting one into the water. One of the golf balls gets tossed back onto the raft. Joe looks. There is a mischievous DOLPHIN who LAUGHS and then submerges.

JOE
Thank you.

127B JOE SITTING ON RAFT - NIGHT 127B

Joe is listening to the radio. A Hawaiian disk jockey comes on. His name is PETE.

PETE (V.O.)
This is K.R.U., Honolulu, speakin' ta ya from the shadow of the Koolau Mountains. And here's one that was a hit when I was a kid. Sukiyaki.

The song "Sukiyaki," which became a pop hit in America, even though it's sung in Japanese, begins to play. Joe is satisfied and lies back to listen.

128 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - DAY 128

Radio is off. Joe is trying out his aquatic shoes. Just trying his first tentative steps, he accidentally punctures one of his shoes so it deflates. He topples over to one side. He swims back to the raft, abandoning his shoes. He turns the RADIO ON, but it's only giving out a little STATIC now. He checks on Patricia, but gets no response. He tries to get something on the radio, but the batteries are too weak now. He turns it OFF. He notices he's sweating. He shifts, knocking the radio in the ocean. Irritated, he looks up.

129 JOE'S POV - SUN 129

The sun looms down, hot and white and huge.

130 JOE 130

looks at the sun with concern. He gets out the violin case. He gets the water out and fills the cap and ministers to Patricia. His lips are parched, but he takes none for himself. He takes off his now well-seasoned safari jacket and puts it over Patricia, to protect her from the sun. We hear a sound, like the HISS of something being SEARED in a SKILLET.

131 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - NIGHT 131

Again, the sky is ablaze with stars. They're even brighter than previously. Joe is looking at them. He's shaking. He's got a fever. He closes his eyes and then opens them again. He looks at the stars again. And shakes his head in disbelief.

132 JOE'S FEVERED POV - STARS 132

What's this? the stars are all connected together with little pale blue lines, and over that are boldly visible the astrological signs: The Flying Horse, The Archer, The Twins, etc.

133 JOE 133

shakes his head, bewildered and amazed. He blinks and looks again.

134 JOE'S POV - STARRY NIGHT 134

All of the lines and pictures are gone.

135 JOE 135

looks and looks. But no, they are gone. It's just a starry night. He relaxes, closes his eyes, and quakes with fever.

136 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - DAY 136

Joe, very ill with fever, checks the water supply. There's a little less than half a bottle of water left. His lips are deeply cracked. But still he takes no water for himself. He looks up at the sun. The sound of SIZZLING.

137 SUN 137

The sun burns down, bright and big.

138 JOE 138

pours a capful of water and gives it to Patricia. She is still unconscious, but she looks pretty good. It's Joe that's really going down the tubes.

139 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - NIGHT 139

We come in on Joe's face. Joe quakes with fever. Then he sees something. Joe is entranced by what he sees.

140 OMITTED 140

140A JOE'S POV - NIGHT SKY 140A

The astrological signs have appeared in the sky again as they did the night before.

141 JOE 141

stares. He's half mad with fever. What is he seeing?

142 OMITTED 142

142A JOE'S POV - NIGHT SKY 142A

The dome of astrological signs begins to rotate from horizon to horizon so that the full panoply of the ancient mythology is revealed.

143 JOE 143

is frightened, moved. His eyes fill with tears.

144 OMITTED 144

144A SIGNS CONTINUE TO TURN 144A

144B JOE RUBS HIS EYES AND LOOKS AGAIN 144B

144C SKY - NIGHT 144C

The sky has returned to its ordinary self.

145 JOE 145

wonders if he really saw the astrological signs. *

146 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - DAY 146

Another scorching day under the sun. Joe looks very bad. He's got a fever. He's slowly dying of thirst. He gets out the bottle, gives a capful to the still unconscious Patricia, and then looks at the water level. There's a quarter of a bottle left. He puts the bottle away. He crawls to the raft's edge and plunges his head in the sea. A dolphin sticks his head out of the water and looks at Joe. Joe lifts his head out of the water and finds himself looking at a dolphin who is looking at him. Man and fish are just a few feet apart. They regard each other.

JOE
Hello. My name is Joe.

The DOLPHIN makes SOUNDS. It could be talking.

JOE
I'm dying. Ahead of schedule.

The Dolphin disappears back beneath the water. Joe lowers his head and lies still.

147 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - NIGHT 147

Again, it is a great starry night. Joe, weak and sick and bleary-eyed, looks up ath the stars. He closes his eyes. He opens them again. Again, he is astonished.

148 JOE'S POV - HEAVENS 148

All the lines and astrological signs are back, brilliant and splendid.

149 JOE 149

rouses himself, crawling to his knees to look. He stares in utter wonder.

The signs begin to rotate again. *

MUSIC.

Earlier, in L.A. Joe stared at the horizon, just before dawn, and big, magical music began to play. But then it stopped prematurely. That MUSIC begins to play now, but this time it does not stop. It's the big, dramatic pas de deux music from "The Nutcracker." * * * * * *

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: 149

The astrological signs melt away into Disney dust as a light appears at the horizon.

149A ANOTHER ANGLE ON HORIZON 149A

A light appears at the horizon's edge.

149B ENORMOUS MOON 149B

with slow majesty rises from the glittering sea, directly to Joe's front.

Joe and his little raft are utterly dwarfed by this great heavenly body.

149C JOE ON HIS RAFT - NIGHT 149C

Though he is on the verge of utter collapse he is so moved by what he sees he clambers his way to his shaky feet and raises his arms over his head in complete reverence. He is dwarfed. He's a bug. The raft is a mote in the eye of God. Joe is deeply moved, humbled, awestruck. The moon continues to ascend up and up and out of view.

150 thru 151A OMITTED 150 thru 151A

151B JOE 151B

looks at the stars that are simply stars. Sinking to his knees, he presses his hands to his breast.

JOE
Dear God, whose name I do not know, thank you for my life. I forgot how big... Thank you for my life.

Joe slowly crumbles, physically crumbles from thirst and fever and exhaustion. His eyes dim.

152 JOE'S POV - STARS 152

We watch the stars DISSOLVE, and BLACKNESS closes in.

Then the blackness starts to FADE, become rosy. We hear the sound of LABORED BREATHING. WATER being POURED. Someone COUGHING a little, CHOKING a little, and then recovering. Then we hear Patricia's voice.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
Joe? Joe? Didn't you drink any water for yourself? Joe?

153 JOE'S POV - LIGHT FOG - DAY 153 *

begins to clear. And there, above him, ministering to him, is Patricia. She has the bottle of water and she's giving him a little to drink at a time. *

154 JOE'S HEAD - DAY (LIGHT FOG) 154 *

is cradled in Patricia's arm. She has the bottle at his lips. He pushes it away, croaking weakly.

JOE
That's for you.

PATRICIA
How long have I been unconscious?

JOE
I don't know. Days. You woke up.

PATRICIA
I guess I did.

JOE
Good.

She gives some more water over his weak resistance. The bottle has one more sip in it.

PATRICIA
Finish this.

JOE
No. You need it.

PATRICIA
I feel pretty good. You look like shit.

JOE
It's good to hear you talking.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: 154

PATRICIA
C'mon, drink it. Don't you wanna be in good shape for the Waponis?

JOE
I'll never make it.

PATRICIA
What are you talking about? Look.

She points. Joe looks where she points.

155 EXT. TWO ISLANDS SIDE BY SIDE - FROM JOE'S POV - DAY 155 *

One island is small and barren. The other island sports a big volcano. A little steady stream of smoke issues from the volcano's mouth. We hear Patricia's voice. * *

PATRICIA (O.S.)
It's a miracle. We must've just lucked into the right tidal current.

156 PATRICIA 156

looks at Joe. She makes him take the last sip of water.

PATRICIA
What happened to the yacht?

JOE
Struck by lightning.

PATRICIA
No sign of Dagmar or the boys?

JOE
Everything went under.

PATRICIA
Except your trunks.

JOE
Except my trunks.

He takes a look at the island.

JOE
So that's Waponi Woo.

157 JOE'S POV - ISLAND 157

158 ANOTHER ANGLE 158

We FLY OVER the surface of the ocean TO the island. TO:

159 ONE HILL ON ISLAND 159

on which stands a lookout. The lookout's name is EMO. Emo is scanning the sea with an old telescope on a stand. In his free hand, he holds a can of orange soda called Jump. He sips from this with great relish. Then he spots something with the telescope. It's the raft! He carefully puts down his soda, cups his hands, and lets out with a mighty formal cry.

EMO
Ah bey!

We now hear fifty voices answer from all over the island.

VOICES (O.S.)
Ho!

EMO
Ah bey!

VOICES (O.S.)
Ho!

EMO
Kimo Sabby Sah!

VOICES (O.S.)
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

160 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - DAY 160

Joe and Patricia hear the cries and look at each other.

JOE
What's that?

PATRICIA
I think we've been spotted.

161 EXT. ISLAND - LONG STRETCH OF BEACH - DAY 161

Outrigger canoes lay along the shore. The EXCITED CRIES * of running NATIVES are heard approaching. And now we see * them. It's the Waponis! They are a motley lot, used to the good life. They sport big orange dots on their foreheads. They carry fruit, garlands of flowers, and cans of Jump. They leap into their canoes and head out toward the raft. Their eyes are enhanced with liner.

162 EXT. LITTLE RAFT - DAY 162

as the canoes reach it. The leader of the welcoming group, BAW, calls out to Joe in a formal way.

BAW
Whooa! Are you Joe?

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: 162

JOE
Yeah.

WELCOMING GROUP
(impressed)
Whooa!

BAW
Are you Joe Banks?

JOE
Yeah.

BAW
(to group)
Pelica beeble bum bum!

The welcoming group goes crazy, showering the little raft with a thousand flowers. Joe and Patricia exchange a look through the shower of flowers.

PATRICIA
I guess they're glad to see us.

They're both handed cans of Jump. Natives grab the pop tops with their teeth and rip them off, smiling. Joe and Patricia drink from the cans of Jump. All the natives cheer. Then hands reach out and pull them gently off their raft and into the canoes. Another canoe's occupants get a grass rope and tie it to the raft. Now we see:

163 WHOLE FLOTILLA OF CANOES - DAY 163

Joe and Patricia, and the whole welcoming group, covered with flowers and drinking Jump, head for the island. With the raft of trunks in tow. The welcoming group, led by Baw, sing a Polynesian "Song of Happiness."

164 EXT. SHORE OF ISLAND - DAY 164

as the canoes arrive. Upon reaching the shore, Joe and Patricia are hoisted onto the shoulders of the natives and carried inland. Then we see other natives hoisting the trunks onto their shoulders and following. Everybody's singing.

164A EXT. SHORE OF ISLAND - DAY 164A *

Two guys hoisting an enormous spool of homemade red car- *
pet on a wooden yoke lead the way into the jungle *
providing the "Red Carpet Treatment." *

164B EXT. STRETCH OF JUNGLE - DAY 164B

The red carpet unrollers run through a stretch of jungle. Through a thin veil of greenery we see the red carpet unrollers pass by us on a jungle path. After a second they are followed by Joe and Patricia and the full, happy entourage.

165 EXT. CENTER OF VILLAGE - DAY 165

Exhausted, our carpet men, their spindle all but spent, stumble into the village's center. Their carpet reaches its tail. They drop to the ground, gasping and proud. The welcoming group arrives with Patricia and Joe and the whole village turns out and goes nuts. Some of them carry ducks.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: 165

Then from the biggest hut emerges the CHIEF. Instantly, everything stops and all the natives are lying face down on the ground, utterly silent. Only Joe and Patricia are left standing to face the Chief. The Chief is a big, impressive man with grey hair and in totally traditional native costume. Most of the other natives have some element of Western dress about their person. The Chief has a sad, rich voice, a voice full of memory and knowledge. He holds a tiki teddy bear. It has atrophied little arms and legs; its hair is standing on end.

JOE
What is that? A teddy bear?

CHIEF
No. It is my soul.

JOE
I hope you don't lose it.

CHIEF
So do I. I am Tobi. Chief.

JOE
This is Patricia Graynamore. I'm Joe Banks. You speak English.

CHIEF
I have learned. You have come to stop the anger of the Woo?

The Chief points upward. Joe looks where he points.

166 FROM JOE'S POV - VOLCANO (BIG WOO) - DAY 166

Smoke issues from the mouth of the Big Woo steadily.

167 JOE 167

looks away from the volcano. He looks into the eyes of the Chief.

JOE
Yes.

CHIEF
There was worry that you would not come. You were to come before this.

JOE
Well. I'm here now.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: (A1) 167

The Chief nods sadly. He looks at Patricia.

CHIEF
You're with him?

PATRICIA
Yes.

The Chief nods sadly.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: 167

CHIEF
Tonight, we will have a big feast. And then, at the end of the feast, we will climb to the top of the Big Woo, and you will jump in. Okay?

JOE
Okay.

CHIEF
The women will take this woman and make her clean for the feast.
(shouts to the native women)
Pelica! Pelica!

The native women rise quickly to their feet, giggling and excited, and make off with Patricia. She calls out as she's taken.

PATRICIA
Joe!

JOE
Patricia! Is she gonna be alright?

The Chief nods wearily.

CHIEF
And the men will take you and make you right for the feast.
(shouts to the native men)
Oliva'! Oliva'!

The native men leap up with a shout, seize Joe, and carry him off. Other native men follow, carrying the trunks. The Chief, weary, heads back inside his hut.

168 EXT. CLEARING - DAY 168

which has been set up to clean Joe. What can only be described as a giant bassinet made out of beautiful, soft greenery has been set up in the clearing, along with many coconut bowls. Into this a violently protesting Joe, stark naked, is being pressed by the laughing native men. They dump many bowls of water over him while he desperately tries to hide his genitals, first with his hands, and then by turning face down in the bassinet. Then the men take mounds of fresh fruit that has been cut up and rub it into Joe's flesh. Then six of the native men produce big shining fish.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 168

They hold these fish by the tails. Other men hold Joe still. Then the men rhythmically beat Joe with the fish. They hum to keep time. They are giving him a massage. At first he reacts by screaming, but then he starts to groan, as one does from an important massage.

168A EXT. CLEARING - DAY 168A *

One of the natives holds forward a tray covered with a thin blue material. Joe looks at it with interest. The native gently, physically closes Joe's eyes, then blows the contents of the tray, a thin, bright blue powder directly into Joe's face. Joe opens his eyes, a wiser man. They lick the powder off his face. * * * * * * *

169 EXT. CLEARING - DAY (WHILE LATER) 169

They are dousing Joe with water again, only he's sitting up now, eating a piece of fruit. Emo, the lookout, offers him a Jump, but Joe shakes his head. Emo looks amazed and comments to the others in a low voice, in another language. Their reply to Emo's comment is a low Whoa!; they are incredulous. Then they go back to dousing Joe. He likes this treatment by now. Then a look of concern passes over his face and he looks down.

170 FROM JOE'S POV - JOE'S BARE FEET 170

Two natives are chewing the toenails on his two feet.

170A BACK TO SCENE 170A

JOE
Hey, stop that!

The two natives look at him blankly, and go back to what they're doing. Joe accepts it. Another native is massaging his scalp, adding a little oil to Joe's hair. The native combs the hair with his fingers. Joe's starting to look like his old self. Something on the edge of the clearing catches his eye.

171 FROM JOE'S POV - FOUR STEAMER TRUNKS 171

A little stained with salt, but otherwise none the worse for wear.

172 JOE 172

looking at the trunks, gets an idea.

173 EXT. ANOTHER CLEARING - DAY 173

Patricia is near the end of a make-over by the native women. They are adorning her freshly-washed hair with beautiful flowers, and wrapping her sparkling body in a pretty sarong.

174 EXT. SUN 174

sets behind the Big Woo.

174A INT. BIG WOO 174A *

We hear RUMBLINGS from the Woo's belly. His magma bubbles and turns into: * *

175 EXT. BONFIRE - NIGHT 175

going full blast in the village. MUSIC.

We hear the MUSIC of the native BAND.

176 NATIVE BAND - NIGHT 176

playing. The center pieces are six-foot wide and 2 1/4 foot tall drums that are played by men dancing on them. There is dust on the surface which gets kicked up as they dance on them. There is also a xylophonist and two flute players. The music is festive. A duck walks by. *

177 OVER ANOTHER FIRE - PIG 177

on a spit slowly turns.

178 ON KIND OF ROUGH TABLE - HUGE COLLECTION OF FRUIT 178

abides. A couple of natives pick at the fruit. But:

179 "BAR" 179

is where the action at the feast is. The bar is a bunch of cases of Jump being handed out by a bartender native. The bartender has a duck mascot. A crowd of natives press in eagerly, trying to get a can of soda. And now we see: * *

180 PATRICIA 180

being led in by the women. She looks great. Everybody cheers. They put her up on one of three big chairs at the center of the feast. She's quickly given a can of Jump and a piece of fruit.

PATRICIA
Where's my friend?

This question just causes laughter.

PATRICIA
Where's Joe Banks?

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: (A1) 180

This time she gets a collective Whoa! from the natives, for whom the name "Joe Banks" has resonance. But then they go back to ignoring her, drinking their Jump, singing and dancing to the music.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: 180

Suddenly, everything stops.

The music cuts off like somebody pulled the plug. And all the natives are lying face down on the ground. Patricia looks around to find the cause of this. She sees the Chief.

181 FROM PATRICIA'S POV - CHIEF - NIGHT 181

He's decked out now in ceremonial robes. But still he carries this enormous sadness with him, this gravity.

182 CHIEF 182

comes and sits on the central chair. He looks Patricia over.

CHIEF
You look good now.

PATRICIA
Thank you.

CHIEF
Joe Banks said your name is Graynamore.

PATRICIA
Yes, it is.

CHIEF
I've had talks with Samuel Harvey Graynamore.

PATRICIA
He's my father.

The Chief nods sadly.

CHIEF
Your father is like the Big Woo. He must be fed or he will destroy the world.

The Chief now calls out to the natives.

CHIEF
Oliva'! Oliva'! Bum bum bum!

Two natives swing in on grass ropes, from the top of the frame. They pass each other on their way to the gongs which hang at either end of the frame. *

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: 182

They slam into the gongs and then fall into two little broken piles and are carried away.

Baw, wearing the Waponi version of a Master of Ceremonies outfit, leaps onto the playing area. He sings a mock light-opera prologue in their language. Very dramatic. Baw sings.

BAW
A - E - I - O - U

INTERCUT with Baw's prologue is the following exchange between Patricia and the Chief.

PATRICIA
Do you know where my friend Joe Banks is?

This question makes the Chief think of something amusing. His eyes glint, for the first time. They are full of light and mischief.

CHIEF
Maybe he ran away? Maybe he don't want to jump in the Big Woo. Maybe he's swimming to someplace else. Maybe he swam to that no good island over there.

During the prologue, the Waponis have formed a semi formal circle defining the playing area around Baw. At the conclusion of the prologue is a minor key explosion from the Big Woo.

182A OMITTED 182A

183 FROM CHIEF'S POV - BIG WOO - NIGHT 183

The CAMERA is BEHIND and BETWEEN the Chief's and Patricia's chairs. In the far distance can be seen the red light and smoke of the angry Woo. Then the Chief turns his head so that we see him leaning over in profile to speak to Patricia who leans over in profile to hear him.

CHIEF
The woo wants his flesh.

183A BACK TO SCENE 183A

Baw is momentarily taken aback but then plunges ahead, calling out a command.

(CONTINUED)

183A CONTINUED: 183A

BAW
Woo! Woobala
Woo! Woobala
Puka Puka Puka
Woo! Woo Ba
Sa Ba Sa Ba
Waa Woo Bala!

Baw gradually works the Waponis into his exhortation. Nothing happens. He calls loudly again. Nothing happens. The third time he calls out, the fire eaters spit out orange balls of flames. Baw falls back in mock amazement. The God Woo, represented by a native in a costume designed after the monster platform on the lip of the volcano, emerges from the mock volcano. The monster rushes at first one and then another segment of the circle. Each segment, in turn, runs back, screaming in fear and giggling and clicking their clackers. Then Baw who has disappeared for a moment into a nearby hut, reenters the circle carrying a stuffed tiki-doll. He lays it down. The monster, pleased, circles it and sniffs it and snatches it up and skulks back to the volcano miniature, climbing back inside. The Waponis are deathly silent. Then a large plume of blue smoke comes out of the miniature volcano and they all cheer wildly. The party music starts up louder now. The natives regain their former glee. A few random natives jump over the bon fire in celebration. Then the natives see something and they say "Whoa!"

184 JOE BANKS 184

has appeared at the edge of the feast. And he's wearing his Armani tuxedo. He's carrying a split of champagne from his "violin bar" and two champagne glasses. He's flanked by six native men bearing torches. An aisle appears among the natives, an aisle which Joe goes down with his flaming entourage. The aisle leads to the three big chairs. Joe stands before the Chief. The Chief is sad again.

CHIEF
So. You didn't run away.

JOE
No. I made a deal and I'll stick by it.

The Chief nods sadly. Joe sits down in the third chair.

JOE
How do you like my tux?

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: 184

PATRICIA
They're pretty great.

JOE
It pays to buy good luggage. I thought I might as well go out in style.

PATRICIA
You're really going to do it?

JOE
Yeah.

Joe and Patricia have been talking across the Chief, who sits between them. Now a groaning native, holding his jaw, comes forward and, after prostrating himself, speaks excitedly to the Chief, addressing him as Tobi, and continuing in another language. The Chief listens and then waves him away. The groaning native departs.

PATRICIA
What's wrong with that man?

CHIEF
His teeth have holes in them from drinking orange soda. Jump.

The Chief hates Jump.

CHIEF
A man came and traded with the Waponis. He traded for salted fish and palm oil. He traded for some cans of orange soda. The soda is called Jump. Since the Waponis drink this Jump, many have started to get holes in their teeth.

JOE
What did he want you to do about it?

CHIEF
There are those who want a man who will fix the holes.

PATRICIA
A dentist.

CHIEF
Yes.

The Chief hates this idea.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: (2) 184

PATRICIA
You don't like that idea?

CHIEF
I see where it will lead.

The VOLCANO THUNDERS again. This time it shakes the ground a little. They look.

185 CHIEF AND COMPANY'S POV - BIG WOO - NIGHT 185

The volcano lets out with two tongues of flame this time, and a shower of sparks.

186 CHIEF AND COMPANY - NIGHT 186

looking at volcano. The Chief then looks at Joe.

CHIEF
Joe Banks. Once every hundred years a man has stepped forward from my people and jumped into the Big Woo. We have been happy. We have eaten from the sea and from the trees and we stared at the moon and stars and we have had children with shining eyes, and we have never thought that the world was ours. We are the children of children and we live as we are shown. Now a change has come. The Waponis like this soda, and * no one among my people will jump into the Big Woo. They trade with this man, your father, for a hero. We have no hero of our own. So we give this man the right to dig holes in the ground under us like the Jump digs holes in our teeth and in some short time we will be nothing but holes. I am the Tobi. I cannot be the hero. It is my place to hope for my people. But the Woo calls and no one from among my people says, I will go to my end for the rest of you. Joe Banks. We are not your people. Let us die. Take a boat and your woman and go to that no * good island over there. * (jerks his thumb) * Don't jump in the Big Woo. *

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: 186

JOE
Sir, um, all my life I have been afraid to die. I have no people. I am my only hope for a hero. If I leave now, I'll die anyway soon enough. And I'll die with nothing.

The BIG WOO THUNDERS AGAIN -- they all look.

The feast grows quiet and somber.

CHIEF
Once more I'll call among the Waponis for a hero.

The Chief stands. The Waponis abase themselves. The Chief speaks to them solemnly.

CHIEF
Who knew woe sue-weigh? Who knew woe?
(he waits; as no one moves; he calls out once more)
Drama said, said sue-weigh?
(he waits; as no one moves; he is disgusted with them; he speaks with finality and dismissal)
I na box, bum, pelica. Box.

The Waponis slowly get up, shamefaced. The Chief sits. He speaks to Joe and Patricia.

CHIEF
They are all afraid to die.
There is no hero among them.
They deserve to die.

Silently, slowly, Joe gets on his feet. The natives cheer. They form an aisle again, leading off in the direction of the Big Woo. Flaming torches dot the aisle. The natives start the same call and response they had going when Joe's raft was first sighted. Emo calls and the natives respond. This call and response continues through all the following. Joe walks off, down the aisle. The Chief follows him. Before Patricia can follow the Chief, the crowd closes in, following Joe up the mountain. Patricia tries to reach Joe.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (2) 186

PATRICIA
Joe! Joe!

But she can't be heard above the din of the call and response.

186A EXT. FOOT OF TRAIL - NIGHT 186A

A head torchman leads the way up the mountain path. He carries a heavy, lit torch that he swings from side to side with a ritual motion. With each swing he lights another permanent tiki sconce along the path's upward progress. He is followed by Joe, dapper and alone. Joe in turn is followed by the Chief, who walks with a ritual movement, not unlike the bent-kneed gait of a Sumo wrestler, leaning first on one leg then on the other. He is assisted in this gyration by two lackeys, one to his left, one to his right, who catch him as he leans to his most extreme angle and gently shoves him back the other way. Behind the Chief, comes the general native population all of whom carry torches.

186B WHOLE VILLAGE 186B

is going up the trail, with Joe and the Chief at the head of the column. Some of the natives carry ducks.

187 EXT. SIDE OF BIG WOO - TRAIL - NIGHT 187

Flaming torches now delineate the trail up the mountain. The line they describe looks very like a German expressionist version of a lightning bolt. The Big Woo is RUMBLING more and more. The whole sky over the mountain is suffused with red.

187A OMITTED 187A

188 EXT. WITHIN COLUMN - NIGHT 188

Patricia struggles. She's slowly struggling up the length of the column.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 188

She's starting to get hysterical.

PATRICIA
Joe! Joe! Don't do it! Don't do it!

189 EXT. HEAD OF COLUMN - JOE AND CHIEF - NIGHT 189

They are silent and solemn and focussed. They arrive at a spot just below the rim of the volcano. There is a little well worn trail leading from where they stand to the rim.

JOE
Is there any ceremony or anything?

CHIEF
No. You just jump in.

Joe nods. Patricia breaks through the crowd and throws herself at Joe's feet. She's sobbing.

PATRICIA
Don't do it! Please don't do it, Joe! I love you! I've fallen in love with you! I've never loved anybody! I don't know how it happened! And I've never even slept with you or anything and now you're going to kill yourself!

Joe pulls her to her feet. The Chief takes a step away, to give them privacy.

JOE
What?

PATRICIA
I love you! I can feel my heart! I feel like I'm going crazy! You can't die and leave me here on this stinking earth without you!

JOE
I've got to do it.

PATRICIA
Why? The Chief doesn't even want you to do it.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: 189

JOE
'Cause I've lived like a toad under a rock and wasted my whole life. And now I'm going to die. and somebody's given me a chance to die like a man and I'm going to take it! I've got to take it!

PATRICIA
I love you!

JOE
I love you, too. I've never loved anybody, either. It's great. I'm glad. But the timing stinks.

Joe kisses her, waves to the Chief, and starts to walk up the little path. The natives are silent, staring. The Chief is sad. Patricia is rooted, staring after him, stricken. When Joe has just about reached the summit, Patricia wakes from her trance, and bolts up the little path after him.

190 LITTLE SHELF ON MOUTH OF WOO - PATRICIA AND JOE - NIGHT 190

Behind them are flames and sparks and smoke.

JOE
Get out of here! Go back down!

PATRICIA
No.

JOE
Please let me do what I've got to!

PATRICIA
Marry me!

JOE
What!

PATRICIA
Marry me!

She shouts down the hill.

PATRICIA
Chief! Chief! Could you come up here, please?

JOE
What the hell are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: 190

PATRICIA
I want him to marry us.

JOE
I'm jumping into a volcano!

PATRICIA
So marry me and then jump into the volcano.

The Chief arrives.

CHIEF
What?

PATRICIA
Could you marry us?

CHIEF
Okay.

JOE
I don't want to get married!

PATRICIA
What's the problem? You afraid of the commitment? You'll have to love me and honor me for about thirty seconds! You can't handle that?

JOE
(to the Chief)
Alright. Marry us.

PATRICIA
Thank you!

JOE
You're welcome!

CHIEF
Do you want to marry her?

JOE
Yes!

CHIEF
Do you want to marry him?

PATRICIA
Yes!

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: (2) 190

CHIEF
You're married.

PATRICIA
Thank you, Chief.

CHIEF
I'm going now.

The Chief leaves. The volcano has been ROARING LOUDER and LOUDER. Joe stares into it.

PATRICIA
Don't jump in.

JOE
I want you to listen to me, Patricia, because these are my last words. Maybe it could've been otherwise. Maybe if I'd been brave a bit at a time, a little every day, but I wasn't. I wasn't. I wasn't a bit brave for a long, long time, so now I gotta be brave in a big way, all at once. Don't you see? I gotta jump in or I gotta stand here starin' in for the rest of my life. Goodbye.

He braces to jump. She lifts her hands. She hesitates. Courage floods her soul. She completes the gesture for the first time.

PATRICIA
I'm jumping in with you.

JOE
Oh no you're not!

PATRICIA
Whither thou goest!

JOE
I'll knock you out! I'll throw you down!

PATRICIA
And take away my freedom of choice?

JOE
Why do you love me?

PATRICIA
On the raft.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: (3) 190

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
You gave me the water. No one's ever put my life ahead of theirs. So I love you and I'm jumping in the volcano with you!

JOE
Did I ever tell you that the first time I saw you, I felt like I'd seen you before?

She shakes her head. They kiss. There's a big EXPLOSION. The ground shakes. They lose their balance and grab each other. There's a second EXPLOSION. They lose their balance as a couple this time and start to fall forward into the waiting inferno.

JOE & PATRICIA
Whoa! Whoa!

JOE
This is it!

They look at each other. They jump in. A SLOW-MO stylized leap. Right after they jump in, the platform slides into the volcano.

191 WHOLE ISLAND - NIGHT 191

Which looks like a face. The face grimaces. We hear a GASTRONOMIC GROAN. Then the volcano spits out Joe and Patricia who are holding hands.

192 JOE AND PATRICIA - NIGHT 192

Against a background of fire and EXPLOSIONS, come rocketing RIGHT AT us and BY the CAMERA.

193 CHIEF AND HIS PEOPLE - NIGHT 193

They watch Joe and Patricia, out of view, go by overhead. The Waponis scream and take off down the hill. The Tobi smiles and stays. He speaks to the Woo.

CHIEF
So. You did not want them.
(to the retreating natives)
I won't go to that no good island!
(to himself)
For me, this is the end.

194 JOE AND PATRICIA - NIGHT 194

leaving a trail of smoke, land in the ocean.

JOE
What happened?

PATRICIA
It just spit us back out again.
Joe, we're rejects!

JOE *
Well, I did it. I did it. I did *
my job. I jumped into the *
volcano. *

195 STRETCH OF BEACH WITH BOATS - NIGHT 195

The Waponis grab their ducks under their arms, grab their boats and launch themselves. *

195A OMITTED 195A

196 JOE AND PATRICIA - NIGHT 196

in the water.

PATRICIA *
Look! *

196A OMITTED 196A

197 JOE AND PATRICIA'S POV - NIGHT 197

We see the Waponis fleeing the exploding island, heading for the lousy island. The whole island is on fire and breaking apart.

198 EXT. VOLCANO - NIGHT 198

The VOLCANO EXPLODING completely.

199 JOE AND PATRICIA 199

watch while paddling.

200 EXT. ISLAND OF WAPONI WOO - NIGHT 200

The island is sinking. The Waponis are fleeing.

201 JOE AND PATRICIA 201

looking at this amazing sight.

JOE
So the Waponis were right.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: 201

PATRICIA
What do you mean?

JOE
They said if there wasn't a *
sacrifice, their island would sink. *
And it did. *

Joe and Patricia exchange looks. Then Patricia looks past Joe, seeing something.

PATRICIA
Oh my God, look! Look!

Joe looks where she's looking.

202 EXT. YACHT - NIGHT 202

A yacht just like the one they were on. This yacht has friendly eyes of another color.

203 JOE AND PATRICIA 203

in the water.

JOE
A boat!

PATRICIA
It's The Tweedle Dum!
(shouts)
Ahoy! Ahoy!
(to Joe)
Come on!

They start to swim.

204 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DUM - NIGHT 204

Picking up Joe and Patricia. Patricia's crew is on board, that is Dagmar and the boat boys. *

PATRICIA *
It's my crew! They're alive! *

DAGMAR *
We were saved. *

205 EXT. STERN OF THE TWEEDLE DUM - NIGHT 205

Graynamore is watching the island sink through a telescope. Meanwhile, two boat boys wrap Patricia and Joe in blankets. Graynamore, oddly calm and detached, given the circumstances, looks away from the eyepiece of the telescope. He says to no one in particular.

GRAYNAMORE
There goes my dream of beating the shit out of the competition.

PATRICIA
Daddy?

Graynamore ignores her. During this scene the island is slowly sinking in the b.g. *

GRAYNAMORE
You kept your bargain, Mr. Banks. To the letter. The miracle of course is that you kept the bargain and you're alive.

JOE
So what? My number's about up one way or the other.

GRAYNAMORE
Yes.

He's a trifle uneasy.

PATRICIA
Daddy?

GRAYNAMORE
I thought you were dead, young lady. I thought you drowned. Both of you for that matter. I just got here to see what kind of alternate deal I could cut with the Chief. But the Chief, I'm afraid, is history.

PATRICIA
You don't show any sign of being glad I'm alive.

GRAYNAMORE
Oh, I'm glad. I'm just disappointed about losing these mineral rights. It meant a lot to me. It was a real opportunity.

PATRICIA
You are so... full of holes.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: 205

Graynamore looks at her, a little irritated and puzzled. But then his attention shifts to Joe.

GRAYNAMORE
This is a small boat, Mr. Banks. Too small to keep a big secret all the way back to L.A. Come out, Kenneth!

Kenneth emerges from the shadows where he's been skulking. It's Dr. Ellison; the doctor who told Joe he was going to die. He's got a drink and he looks nervous.

JOE
Dr. Ellison.

GRAYNAMORE
His name is Kenneth Hindmick. Business affairs. He works for me.

KENNETH
Hi.

JOE
Kenneth Hindmick.

KENNETH
That's me.

JOE
Not Dr. Ellison.

KENNETH
Kenneth Hindmick.

Joe nods numbly.

PATRICIA
Joe?

JOE
His name's Kenneth Hindmick.

GRAYNAMORE
And he made believe he was a Dr. Ellison. And he told Joe here that he had something called a brain cloud, and that he was going to die. So that Joe here would agree to jump in the volcano.

Joe's still focussed on Hindmick.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: (2) 205

JOE
I don't have a brain cloud?

KENNETH
No, you don't have anything.
You're just a hypochondriac. *

Joe takes a step for Kenneth.

JOE
You know, I'm gonna beat you up! *

Kenneth takes out a gun and points it shakily at Joe.

KENNETH
Hold it! Don't make me kill you when there's nothing wrong with you! I told you he'd be mad.

GRAYNAMORE
So we'll just take turns watching him till we get back to L.A. Once we're there we'll turn him loose. Nobody'll believe his story anyway.

PATRICIA
I will. I'll back him up.

GRAYNAMORE
Now, Patricia, when we get back, I'm going to give this boat to you, and you can sail off into the distance with it and be done with us all.

PATRICIA
No deal.

GRAYNAMORE
(talking to Kenneth)
So we'll take turns watching the two of them till we get back to L.A., and then we'll turn them both loose, and I'll keep the boat. *

PATRICIA
That's fine with me.

JOE
You've forgotten one thing.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: (3) 205

GRAYNAMORE
Oh, I have? Nothing comes readily to mind.

Joe is still facing Kenneth.

JOE
I've looked into the volcano, Mr. Graynamore. You know what I mean? After that, the hole in the front of a gun doesn't scare me at all.

KENNETH
Stay back.

JOE
I'm gonna take the gun away from you, Kenneth.

KENNETH
Do you think I won't shoot?

JOE
I don't know. That's your part. I can't make you shoot me and I can't stop you. I can only do my part. I'm going to take the gun away from you.

Joe, after slowly approaching, swiftly takes the gun away from Kenneth.

GRAYNAMORE
If I'd had the gun, you'd be dead now.

JOE
We'll never know. Patricia, tell Dad the happy news.

PATRICIA
We got married. The Chief married us.

JOE
And I was wondering where you thought we should go on, you know, a honeymoon?

GRAYNAMORE
I have no idea.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: (4) 205

JOE
I thought we might like to go on a sailing trip. How's that sound?

Graynamore doesn't answer.

PATRICIA
I think that sounds great!

JOE
Does this thing have like a rubber raft or something?

PATRICIA
It has a dinghy.

JOE
Let's break it out. I think your father's tired of this ostentatious life style.

206 EXT. SIDE THE TWEEDLE DUM - NIGHT 206

As Graynamore and company are just finished getting into a dinghy. Joe and Patricia stand on the deck, Joe still pointing the gun. Patricia's crew stands by. *

KENNETH
What if there's a storm?

JOE
Then you'll drown.

GRAYNAMORE
You'll pay for this. I'll see to that!

JOE
You know what I think, Mr. Graynamore?

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: 206

GRAYNAMORE
What?

JOE
I think that you don't scare me at all. Maybe you can do some stuff to me -- if you make it back home. If I come back. And maybe you can't. It remains to be seen. But what I think, and I say this to you from the bottom of my heart, sir. I don't fear you at all. I don't fear any man. Because every day is a gift, and I'm just glad as hell it looks like I may have a few. And beyond that, to be scared or glad of anything beyond that, why a man's just got to be a fool!

Joe laughs a laugh, wild and free, a laugh unweighted by fear, a laugh of pure joy. Patricia goes below. Only here does the island finally go under completely. *

207 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DUM - NIGHT 207

starts up. And pulls away from the dinghy. Joe is still laughing and waving, one hand on the wheel. Patricia comes up from below. He puts his arm around her. *

207A EXT. DINGHY - GRAYNAMORE AND KENNETH - NIGHT 207A *

Graynamore is thoughtful. He starts to smile.

GRAYNAMORE
I like that boy! Good for her!

KENNETH
Good for her? What about us?

GRAYNAMORE
I like a tight spot. Maybe I have gotten a little greedy.
(produces a paddle and hands it to Kenneth)
Start paddling while I reassess my values.
(as Kenneth doesn't start)
Start paddling.
(as Kenneth starts paddling; Graynamore lights a pipe)
'And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by! Com'on, put your back into it. You know, I have a good feeling about this. * * * *

208 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DUM - NIGHT (COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER) 208

The rubber raft has gone. The boat is passing over the spot where the island went down. A lot of bubbles and steam are still coming up. A few empty cans of JUMP come up.

PATRICIA
So that's the end of Waponi Woo. *

JOE
Yeah, and the Chief.

PATRICIA
Where are we going?

JOE
Away from the things of man!

PATRICIA
Look!

209 FROM JOE'S POV - BUBBLING SURFACE 209

His trunks start rising to the surface, one after the other. Until all four are bobbing on the surface.

209A BACK TO SCENE 209A

JOE
I'll tell you one thing. Wherever we're goin'. We're taking this luggage. Help me fish it out.

They smile at each other and head for the side of the boat. We STAY where we are, LOOKING AT the horizon OVER the railing of the boat.

MUSIC.

The big, dramatic pas de deux music from the NUTCRACKER starts to play. A moon, with its volcanic aspect emphasized, a moon that's simply too big to be real, starts to rise from the sea. It rises into and up OUT OF the FRAME while:

THE CREDITS ROLL.

210 EXT. THE TWEEDLE DUM - NIGHT (FEW MINUTES LATER) 210

The moon hangs in the sky off to the right of the boat. We see, FROM a distance, Joe and Patricia just getting the last trunk on deck. Then Patricia goes below. The ENGINE STARTS up. The boat turns and heads straight for the moon.

MUSIC.

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, singing "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" begins to play.

We watch them grow fainter and fainter, a smaller and smaller speck in the eye of the Man in the Moon. UP CLOSE to us, the DOLPHIN sticks his head out of the water again, makes his NOISE once more, and disappears forever beneath the gentle waves. One of the craters on the craterous moon shakes and erupts, puffing out a bunch of white smoke which forms the words: "The End."

FADE OUT.

THE END

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